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OLIVER GOLDSMITH

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Revised 1916 by AUGUSTUS THOMAS

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Act of March 4, 1909.

PREFACE.

THIS preface is the fourth of a short series prefixed each to a play. The first dealt with a drama written to exploit a theory: perhaps the most difficult starting point that a playwright can take. The second explained a play written to fit a particular actor. The third showed a method of utilizing some bits of material in the playwright's possession and supposed to be funny.

This preface will tell of the construction of a play about an historical character; a comedy made from incidents principally authentic and associated in this case with a figure in literary history; the building of a play about a man more or less well known in anecdote and biography.

Except for the writer engaged in similar work, it cannot have the interest of the task imposed by the other plays. It is largely a "scissors and paste-pot" undertaking, and is the least difficult and least commendable of a playwright's performances, excepting, perhaps, the dramatizing of a novel, which it strongly resembles. The finished product, dependent as it is upon research, can never have the value of a play written by equal experience and based on observation, but dramatic literature would nevertheless be the loser if we eliminated such plays as Richelieu, David Garrick, Edmund Kean, Amy Robsart, Beau Brummell, Nathan Hale, Tom Moore, Disraeli and the like, all made after much the same fashion. It is perhaps pertinent then to repeat the implication of the other prefaces that the series is modestly addressed to workers in the same field.

I had already made for Mr. Stuart Robson so

long and so well known as business associate and fellow artist with Mr. William H. Crane, a dramatization of Mr. Opie Reed's "*Jucklins*" and had written for him an original comedy called "The Meddler". Both pieces had served their time and purpose and Mr. Robson was in need of a new vehicle. We were old friends of many years' intimate acquaintance and I had for "Rob" a great respect and real affection. In our earlier days I had been "haunted" with a sense of having known him before; that consciousness so common of being constantly reminded of some uncertain other. This feeling cleared up one day, with the sudden recognition of his resemblance to the profile portraits of Oliver Goldsmith; and the idea being brought to the surface we amused ourselves by my establishing such resemblances of character between the poet and the actor as a tolerant fancy and the absence of vanity would accept. And with the profile and these convivial qualifications "Rob" consented to announce "*Oliver Goldsmith*" in preparation; and I began training for the play.

The pitfalls in such a task are the disposition to crowd a life time into two hours and a half; the temptation to touch briefly all the attractive incidents in a biography rather than to grasp firmly, and treat thoroughly, the principal dramatic happening; the inclination to be episodic, instead of symmetrical and proportionate; and the weakness to be historically accurate, and historically cribbed, instead of bending the facts to one's purpose and inventing enough line to round out an indicated arc. The fatal wish "to tell all" almost invariably includes "the death", that headsman in so many semi-historical attempts. Now deaths are naturally very definite finishes but unless they affect the emotions of remaining and very important characters in the play, or are in themselves the result of the

dramatic clash, their usefulness should be questioned.

The big thing in Goldsmith's life from my point of view was his production of "*She Stoops to Conquer*". It was a fairly sized fact in Stuart Robson's life, as Tony Lumpkin in that play was a part in which he had won much applause. Also Goldsmith's seizing of the idea that was the germ of the play, the mistaking the house of a private gentleman for an inn, was of itself capital material as his own play showed; and in a theatrical use of Goldsmith and his play that initial happening had logical place.

I therefore decided to make his conception of "*She Stoops to Conquer*"; the public production of it; and the immediate consequences of its success the subject of the play to be called Oliver Goldsmith; and to take the time included in that action for the period we would try to dramatize; and to make the persons logically or poetically associated with his play, and with Goldsmith during that period, the characters in the play for Stuart Robson.

Within this restricted field I re-read the few related things with which I had any familiarity, and read newly all that these pointed to as valuable: that is to say I read, or re-read; the lives of Goldsmith, Doctor Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke and James Boswell. I read also the things those men had written. As Goldsmith had drawn upon one misadventure of his own for the idea of "*She Stoops to Conquer*", I suspected him of other biographical confessions disguised in his other writings. I found an excellently humorous situation, rather indifferently treated, in his "*Good Natured Man*", where a bailiff and his deputy, in possession of the hero and his premises, are persuaded to disguise themselves as visitors and to be so introduced to some unexpected callers. I

had little doubt that in those old days of arrest for small accounts over due; of bribes to bailiffs; of sudden seizure of goods and person; of the sponging house; and imprisonment for debt, some such occurrence was within Goldsmith's knowledge and may be experience. In fact his casual, rather than a capital use of it, inclined me to think that perhaps it was too common to be played up strongly; just as some years ago in America, a hotel proprietor, hopefully accompanying some hard up, fly-by-night show company was too recurrent for astonished comment. That was the only scene that I adapted from a Goldsmith play, and there is a singular irony in the fact that it was the only one that was criticized by a newspaper as being too improbable.

With "*She Stoops to Conquer*" as my assembling point of interest I found these historical facts:

That it was founded on a blunder of his own previously referred to; Colman, his manager, objected to it on the ground that no such blunder could occur; David Garrick, a rival manager and the friend of Goldsmith was ready to produce the play; Doctor Samuel Johnson thought it excellent and was instrumental in having it done by Colman; Dr. Johnson suggested the name for it; Goldsmith caned a critic who in reviewing it unfavorably had unpleasantly connected Goldsmith's name with that of a young lady for whose family Goldsmith had acted as escort during a trip on the Continent; Goldsmith was familiar with the lines in the part of Tony Lumpkin; Edmund Burke thought it a good play and was very friendly with Goldsmith during the period of its preparation.

These facts all made "*She Stoops*" not only a central point for a dramatic story of Goldsmith but they enforced a veritable portrait gallery of notables for the cast, each strongly characterized, and all picturesque to a degree. The most notable of the lot was of course Doctor Johnson. The most lov-

able and warm-hearted, after Oliver himself, was his fellow Irishman, Edmund Burke; while the most gallantly picturesque was Garrick. Boswell delightfully pictures him, holding Johnson by the lapels and dancing about him with laughter, trying to cheer the old man from some fit of displeasure; or making the coffee house club roar with some imitation of a member; or playing some protean prank of impersonation. It was all so warm and human and fraternal, the daily association of these gifted men drawn together by their congenial tastes, and their common interest in art, in letters, and in the playhouse for which all were writing, and somewhat held together by their occasionally equal poverty.

In my own observation there had been certain memorable, chimney-corner, nights at the Lambs Club, which gave the nearest modern approach that America furnished to that coffee house atmosphere; nights in which the gentle influence of Robson himself was measurable, and that made the consideration of such a play a genuine pleasure.

The wish to use that earlier group of men made not only a portrait of Goldsmith necessary but called for equal physical resemblance in the others.

That distinguished writer and illustrator of the present day, Mr. Walter Hale, was at the time of our production an actor; and while finer looking and more romantic than the portraits of Edmund Burke, he was as strikingly like them as Robson was like the Goldsmith pictures. The nearest approach we could make to Garrick among the American players of prominence was Mr. Henry Dixey. Both these men were tentatively engaged before the play was written and the idea of each was inspiring to the writer. In private life Henry Dixey is so constantly protean that his existence seems a continuous series of secondary personalities—from long-shoreman to grand dukes; and chameleon like, he

takes his color from the dominant factor of the running talk, or group composition. If Mr. DeWolf Hopper comes into the circle, Dixey beams as a comic opera buffo. If Dixey meets Mr. Drew on the steps of the club house, out comes the imaginary snuff box and with "Sir John" he exchanges the courtesies of the old English gentleman, and finishes by dusting the snuff from his phantom ruffles.

We were equally fortunate in getting an exponent for Doctor Johnson in the person of Mr. Weaver, a venerable actor of that time.

In shaping a first outline of the play for Robson, I felt that the form should be three acts; and if so that the production of "*She Stoops*" should serve as act two. The first night itself would be the apparently logical setting; but as plays when depicted in the moment of presentation are usually looked at from behind the scenes, and their progress reported by eager relays of couriers from the wings, I felt that a rehearsal that could be shown, was preferable to a performance that had to be only talked about.

Moreover, the rehearsal, if we introduced Garrick, might show the professional side of that actor. It could show Johnson's interest; and it would give Mr. Goldsmith, as author, a chance to rehearse. Tony Lumpkin, which Mr. Robson would do very well.

In picking your proposed work up that way by the middle, as a tailor might pick up the basted pattern of a pair of trousers it is well to study a more graceful presentation for the finished product; and the finish of the second act of a three act play is likely to be your climax and most important moment. Years ago Mr. George Broadhurst thought his failures had taught him—and the best things a playwright knows are learned that way—had taught him that "an audience at your penultimate curtain will not applaud a thing that they do

not wish to see happen." I haven't since then found any reason to quarrel with that Broadhurst dictum—at that time I resolved to be guided by it. I was to choose from my bulk of material a situation, or using some of it as spring board, was to jump to some invented situation, that would give my hero an emotion stirring moment in the accomplishment of something the audience would like to see take place.

My memoranda included those items of interest connected with the play and above enumerated and also scores of lines of speech or dialogue transcribed from the books, and possibly available to their proper characters, or as suggestions of episode or situation. In a review of them and after I had discounted all personal feeling in judging them, it still seemed to me that Goldsmith caning a critic was the most spirited and acceptable bit. If the setting were for a rehearsal, and the company were present, the caning could of course not go far without interference. The critic of the records, a man named Kenrick was a bitter person, but by no means a coward. In that hostile group I had him draw his sword—gentlemen still wore them occasionally at that period—I gave Garrick the showy bit of wrestling the sword from him and breaking it—while Burke and Johnson restrained Goldsmith from further assault.

One memorandum was a transcription of the paragraph that had aroused Goldsmith's anger and it contained the phrase "Could the lovely H-K but know"—etc.—The lovely H-K was understood to be Miss Mary Horneck the young lady who, with her mother and younger sister, had been under Goldsmith's escort in France. The sister, Catherine, was generally referred to by Goldsmith as "Little Comedy", and for Mary his regard was evidently more serious and his address more formal.

Kenrick's allusion to her implied that Goldsmith's attentions were at least noticeable; and the use of the knowledge in that way indicated an envy, and perhaps a rivalry, on the part of the critic.

Evidences of Goldsmith's sentimental interests in women are about as rare and as slight as those recorded of George Washington before his meeting with Martha Custis, and any romance constructed from them must hinge upon slender hints. Kenrick's printed resentment; Goldsmith's prompt caning of him; and the recorded friendship of the Horneck family for the poet, gave me enough stage license to portray Mary as his sweetheart, and invent such romance as the sketchy confines of the facts did not violently contradict. Of course Mary should be present at this spontaneous encounter, and bear the most effective relation to the scene that the playwright could devise.

To be back of the scenes in the day time, a young lady would need more than the company of a younger sister. I think I found Mrs. Featherstone in Boswell's life of Johnson; also her connection with the theatre; and her suburban residence—I made Kenrick, Goldsmith's avowed rival, and to further enhance Mary's popularity, I made Burke also interested in her.

When a play in rehearsal is much in doubt there is always considerable flutter between the stage and the box office; and in the day time the shortest way between these points is through the auditorium. At the time we were doing this for Robson, putting members of the company in the stage boxes was not unknown, but marching actors and ballet girls up and down the aisles of the theatre had not yet been introduced by Sumurun and the Winter Garden—we felt that Garrick suddenly appearing in the parquetry with Goldsmith, and taking the rehearsal from less experienced hands would be effective—as it was. In the text of the play it is rather hard read-

ing for the layman to follow the technical shifts in the rehearsal scene, but I knew with the experience of Lambs Club Gambols, what these shifts would be in Dixey's swift changing treatment. Even with the danger of turning this preface into a "gaffer's" gossip I must record one episode that was the model for a short passage, again nothing in the printed line, but irresistible with Dixey. The late Dan Daly, gifted comedian and dancer, was bending over a pool table in the club carefully "addressing" a difficult shot; Dixey happened in at the moment and, immediately possessed by the Daly personality, he said in the wooden drawl of Daly's, "Do you think you can make that shot" and followed the speech with the stencil "break" of the clog dancer, *rap tap a raptap—rap tap tap*. Daly didn't alter his pose a particle but with his left hand still making a bridge on the cloth and divining the imitator without looking around, answered in the same tone, "I don't know, but I mean to try"; and in true mummer masonry followed his speech with a repetition of the clog finish; *rap tap a raptap—rap tap tap*; and capped the last step with the rhythmic stroke of the billiard cue, and a successful shot. Neither comedian smiled although the score or so of onlookers roared with laughter. I paraphrased that spirited exchange and gave it to Dixey and the young comic who did "props".

The incidents related and referred to made a sufficiently full second act and the preparation for them enforced an adequate first one.

For the third act the advisable thing was to carry the Mary Horneck interest to an implied promise of marriage; to show Goldsmith in his historic attic; and display the help of Johnson, Burke and Garrick in those trying days. The sordid arrest for debt was modified by Goldsmith's own device of dressing up the bailiff; and made further useful by having the bailiff not genuine, but a masquerade of

Garrick's, undertaken to keep Goldsmith, an inexperienced swordsman, from a duel with Kenrick who had some knowledge of the weapon. This was the act that offered an over numerous choice of construction and treatment. Goldsmith could have been shown as suffering, and dying in want, as he finally did, but a more cheerful period was just as accurate, and more closely related to the production of his comedy, which, as was stated earlier, was chosen as the cohesive idea for the play printed herewith.

I should like more definitely to indicate my indebtedness for such lines as were transcribed from various historical sources, but at this late day I find it is not possible in all cases to tell the borrowed from the invented speeches. A few weeks' reading of Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Burke and Garrick saturates one with the manner of the day, and, when needed, a little sympathetic reflection gives even the manner of the individual. Nothing in fact is much easier than such imitation and I naturally practiced it wherever it did not halt the action. It is a pleasure to record Stuart Robson's success in the part, and to acknowledge the many illuminating touches his gentle art brought to the presentation. A fact that gratified him profoundly was the disposition, largely inspired by the advance agent I suspect, of the English literature classes of the various seminaries to come in large parties to see his play. Their undiluted interest and fluttering approval were more valued than the praise of the professional critics; the gentlemen of the press were looking at the actor, but the girls in the senior division were *seeing* Oliver Goldsmith.

Augustus Thomas.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE.

SARAH FEATHERSTONE.....	<i>Jeffreys Lewis</i>
MARY HORNECK.	<i>Florence Rockwell</i>
EDMUND BURKE.	<i>Walter Hale</i>
FEATHERSTONE.	<i>Edward Dodge</i>
ROGER.	<i>Walter Clews</i>
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.	<i>H. A. Weaver</i>
BOSWELL.	<i>Beaumont Smith</i>
DAVID GARRICK.	<i>Harry Dixey</i>
CATHERINE HORNECK.	<i>Helen Mortimer</i>
KENRICK.	<i>Ogden Stevens</i>
CAPT. HORNECK.	<i>Clifford Leigh</i>
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.	<i>Stuart Robson</i>
LEADER ORCHESTRA	
PROPERTY MAN	
PROMPTER	
COLMAN.	<i>Joseph P. Winter</i>
DRUMMOND.	<i>Bert Washburn</i>
MR. QUIRK	
LITTLE MARY.	<i>Monica Harris</i>
LITTLE ANNIE.	<i>Ricca Scott</i>
MRS. HIGGINS.	<i>Bessie Scott</i>
TWITCH.	<i>Harry Dixey</i>
FLANNIGAN.	<i>James Grant</i>
BIFF.	<i>Charles E. Long</i>

- ACT I. Scene—Interior of an old English country-house. Main room done in oak.
- ACT II. Theatre. Stage set for rehearsal and one or two of leading characters make their entrance through the audience.
- ACT III. A garret. GOLDSMITH'S *historical* lodgings in London.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Interior of hall of English country house. Low ceiling with beams. At back and center is fireplace with heavy shelf and inglenook seats—seats are about ten feet apart. To left of inglenook is square opening five feet wide into reception hall. To R. of inglenook is flight of four steps and platform going to arch leading off through wall R. The steps and landing come into stage from back flat. There are also double width openings in I R. and I L. with interior backings. The one R. is to dining room. The one L. to music room and gallery. There is a bay window L. U. E. A stag's head is over fireplace. Window is fitted with seat. Between window and door is old black wood settle. There is a massive round top mahogany table down R. C. with high back heavy arm chairs to match. Walls are wainscoted and finished above in terra cotta. Ceiling between beams is plain dark wood.*

DISCOVERED:—*MRS. FEATHERSTONE on landing of steps. She is a wholesome and robust lady about forty years old—and wears the Kate Hardcastle dress of the period. She is looking R. I and smiling in anticipation. Enter MARY HORNECK from R. MARY starts up steps. MRS. FEATHERSTONE smiles and exit. MARY is a*

beautiful girl of twenty. Enter EDMUND BURKE, R. BURKE has followed MARY. He is the young BURKE of the early portraits.

BURKE. Mary. (*Goes to side of staircase*)

MARY. Mr. Burke.

BURKE. A moment with you.

MARY. Well.

BURKE. (*Gallantly, yet with diffidence as he talks to her over the banister*) It isn't an Irishman's way to stammer, or grow still, before the face of a woman he loves, but I seem an alien and a weakling whin I try to spake to you.

MARY. I hope you will say no more, Mr. Burke.

BURKE. That may be justice, Miss Mary—but it isn't hope—(*Defers*) Won't you come down. Ye'll be far enough above me wherever ye stand.

MARY. (*Coming down to stage*) I don't feel that way. You're only a boy, you know—and I want you to remember some day to my credit that I say the time will come when the name of Edmund Burke will have magic in it.

BURKE. If thinkin' of you could make it so——

MARY. (*Stopping him*) Not that—Don't think of me.

BURKE. That may be what the God o' Day says to the sun flower but——

MARY. (*Compassionate and smiling*) Oh Burke—you boys of Ireland—you *say* those things.

BURKE. We *feel* them.

MARY. You think you do.

BURKE. We prove it whin we may. Give me a chance to die for you.

MARY. Nonsense! I'll give you a chance to live—for yourself. You're just a boy, Ned Burke——

BURKE. I'm older'n you——

MARY. (*Not regarding the interruption*) You're filled with a great strength that's ready to lavish

itself on some ideal. You think now that *I* am that; and as you say—you'd *die* for me——

BURKE. (*In fervor almost tearful*) With a smile——

MARY. Yes, you spendthrift—"with a smile"—but no woman is worthy of the sacrifice.

BURKE. (*Accusing*) You don't love me, Mary Horneck.

MARY. (*Smiling*) No, Burke, I don't love you.

BURKE. If I were only an Englishman——

MARY. (*Imitating him*) Burke—whisper—if ever I marry any man 'twill be an Irishman. (*Runs up the stairs*)

BURKE. (*Eagerly*) Mary—(*She turns on the landing and laughs over the rail*) Is it Goldsmith?

MARY. I won't tell you. You'd be a dangerous rival.

BURKE. To him, Nolly Goldsmith? Why with him I'd divide me last glass of liquor.

MARY. (*Piquantly*) "Your last glass." I'm told you never knew it. (*BURKE waves hand down in a "shoo fly" manner. Exit MARY R. thru arch at landing*)

BURKE. *English?*—She's no more English than the Goddess of Liberty.

(*Enter FEATHERSTONE R. He is the host—ample and well to do.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Where are the ladies?

BURKE. Like the angels, Mr. Featherstone——

FEATHERSTONE. Eh——

BURKE. Above. (*Exit I R.*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*Calling up to stairway*) Sarah, Sarah dear—(*Pause*) Sarah——

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Upstairs*) Yes William.

FEATHERSTONE. A moment, my love.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Appearing on steps*) What is it? (*Burst of laughter I R.*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*With the nervousness of the man giving the party—*) Don't keep the ladies too long above.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Why, William, what have I to do with it?

FEATHERSTONE. I know, my dear—I know—but let's have no formality. I mean I'm going to order our tea in here; and pipes—Mr. Garrick's in one of his best moods, and the ladies must be with us.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Very well, William. It's good of you, and thoughtful. (*Starts off*)

FEATHERSTONE. But wait, Sarah! until I've got 'em here and well in hand; and then just happen down as it were, and so on; and of course the ladies will excuse the pipes or it's no doing it at all. (*Taps gong on mantel and is fussy*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Of course, dear.

(*Enter servant from hall.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Roger, I'm home to no one, understand?

ROGER. Yes sir.

FEATHERSTONE. That's all. (*To wife*) I wouldn't have this evening spoiled by any soul in Blackheath happening in—not for a fortune. Mr. Boswell has his note book in hand, and I'm told that's a sign Doctor Johnson will say something notable. Now look to it, Sarah. (*Motions her off*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Yes, William. (*Exit*)

(*Enter JOHNSON R. I. He is heavy and positive. The Doctor JOHNSON of the dictionary.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Why, Doctor?

JOHNSON. (*In unctuous diction*) Oh, Mr. Featherstone, sir. I have not met with any man for a long time who has given me such general displeasure.

FEATHERSTONE. As whom, sir?

(*Enter BOSWELL R. following JOHNSON attentively.*)

JOHNSON. (*Going c.*) That man Kenrick.

FEATHERSTONE. He is a friend of Captain Horneck, sir.

JOHNSON. So much the worse, sir, for Captain Horneck. (*Goes L. of table. Laughter off*)

FEATHERSTONE. What has Mr. Kenrick done, Doctor? How offended you?

(*BOSWELL comes attentively back of table.*)

JOHNSON. Sir, he swears; and talks bawdy; and to annoy *me*, Davy Garrick encourages him by his laughter.

BOSWELL. Oh, sir—I think that cannot be Mr. Garrick's *intention*.

JOHNSON. (*In stormy temper*) Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right—you have to talk to me on the subject.

FEATHERSTONE. (*To BOSWELL*) It doesn't look so promising for our pleasant evening.

BOSWELL. Don't think of me, sir. I deserved the check—(*Goes L. c.*)

(*Enter GARRICK. He is in full dress and court-wig and with the ease and grace of the practiced actor.*)

GARRICK. (*Laughing*) How now, Doctor—you leave us just when I've reduced every listener to a comatose condition and your audience was ready for you.

(*JOHNSON waves him off.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Dr. Johnson thinks Mr. Kenrick is too broad in his converse, sir.

JOHNSON. Sir, I think him too narrow——

BOSWELL. Doctor Kenrick spoke disrespectfully of Bishops.

GARRICK. Yes—but of a *Roman* Bishop——

JOHNSON. *All churchmen, sir, stand for the idea of immortality; and if it wasn't for the idea of immortality this fellow Kenrick would cut throats to fill his pocket.*

GARRICK. You wrong him, believe me. I know Kenrick very well. He'd cut throats to fill his pocket if it wasn't for the fear of being hanged. *(Laughs)*

(Enter BURKE.)

BURKE. *(Laughing)* Not me—You fellows are dev'lish cunning but you can't unload the gentleman onto me.

GARRICK. Who is he?

BURKE. I'm damned if I know.

JOHNSON. *(Growling)* Ugh! *(Glares at*

BURKE. GARRICK *mimics him in tone and manner, to the quiet amusement of all but* BOSWELL. *Pause)* I don't like to say anything against the man behind his back but I think he's an attorney.

FEATHERSTONE. Oh no, sir—Captain Horneck fetched him as company to one of his sisters——

GARRICK. *(Glancing at BURKE)* Oh, then clearly not an attorney.

BURKE. To the devil with you, Garrick, an attorney; a coach and six to a player.

JOHNSON. Why look you, Mr. Burke, Garrick refuses a play or a part that he doesn't like——

BURKE. Well, sir?

JOHNSON. A lawyer never does.

GARRICK. *(Playfully catching JOHNSON by the*

coat) Now attend me, sir—In a bout with Ned Burke and his Irish imagination for facts, I may need a bit of friendly help, but I don't need a three-decker. (*Dances about him as JOHNSON grows serious*) Come, cheer up, old Grumpy.

JOHNSON. Why, Davy, I'd consent to the amputation of a limb to have my spirits restored.

GARRICK. It's more simply done. Come, take the head of the table (*Raps on it*) and say "gentlemen! Who's for poonsh." (*Mimics JOHNSON*)

JOHNSON. (*Smiling*) Don't pretend to mimic me, you rascal. I don't say poonsh.

BOSWELL. Sir, your pardon—but I've often noted that you do so in moments of deep abstraction.

BURKE. Faith—there's politeness. He calls it "deep abstraction."

JOHNSON. Mr. Boswell, I wish you'd make a trip through—through Spain.

BOSWELL. (*Writing*) Through Spain, sir?

JOHNSON. Yes—on foot.

BOSWELL. On *fruit*, sir.

GARRICK. (*Mimicing*) The gentleman said on *fruit*.

BOSWELL. Now he mimics me, sir.

JOHNSON. (*Sits*) Does he—(*Raps*) Well, gentlemen—who is for "poonsh." (*Glares at GARRICK*)

GARRICK. And London says he taught me English. (*All laugh*)

JOHNSON. A clever ruse, sir—(*Pause*) But—nobody taught *you* English.

(*Laughter in which JOHNSON leads boisterously.*
Exit JOHNSON laughing.)

GARRICK. He laughs like a rhinoceros.

(*Enter CATHERINE to landing of stairs.*)

BURKE. You're a true comedian, Davy—you can't stand the laugh at your expense. (*Exit*)

GARRICK. I never have to. (*Following*)

CATHERINE. Mr. Garrick!

GARRICK. Ah! what light thro' yonder window shines? (*"Takes the stage"*)

CATHERINE. Don't play-act, David—I've only a moment—Mary wishes some excuse to call us home.

GARRICK. Why?

CATHERINE. She didn't know this man was to be here.

GARRICK. Which man?

CATHERINE. Kenrick.

GARRICK. Does Mary dislike Kenrick?

CATHERINE. Don't you?

GARRICK. I? Naturally—He's a dramatic critic—but Mary's not an actress.

CATHERINE. Can't you pretend a message has come for us?

GARRICK. (*In his romantic manner*) I can—but I won't—Do you think my sweet lady, that you may make eyes at me night after night from the stalls—where the orange girls and the bailiffs protect you and then escape me with my consent the first time that chance throws us together in a country house—ha ha——

CATHERINE. Please do—Mary'll be so grateful——

GARRICK. Now—(*Takes her hand and dramatizes the balcony*)

CATHERINE. Don't do that.

GARRICK. I would I were a glove upon that hand——

CATHERINE. Mrs. Featherstone is calling me.

GARRICK. Say "Bye and Bye I come."

CATHERINE. David—don't be stupid.

GARRICK. (*With her hand*) By Jove—not big-

ger than a puff ball and soft as a kitten's—to think how they've made my heart flutter when I've seen you patting them together at the play.

CATHERINE. This is very unkind of you—some-one may come.

GARRICK. (*Shaking head*) Don't allow them at rehearsals.

CATHERINE. (*Pretending to be offended*) Oh, this is a *rehearsal*, is it?

GARRICK. Did you think it was the finished performance? Ha ha—Bless your sweet innocence—I shall do this so much better for you some day.

CATHERINE. (*Withdrawing her hand*) I had no idea you were this kind of a man, David.

GARRICK. Nor I?—You see what a demoralizing influence you are—now I suppose you mean to cast me off—when your plain duty is to undo the mischief by reforming me.

CATHERINE. (*Nursing her hand*) My hand really pains.

GARRICK. Of course it does—never be easy again until you *give* it to me. (*Starts to regain her hand*)

(*Enter servant with tea and pipes.*)

CATHERINE. Don't—

GARRICK. (*As servant puts tray on table*) Angels and ministers of grace defend us—

CATHERINE. You goose.

GARRICK. (*As servant exit*) Look where it goes, even now, *out* at the portal.

CATHERINE. (*Going*) Not a sincere bone in your body.

GARRICK. Catherine. (*Exit CATHERINE*)

(*Enter FEATHERSTONE and JOHNSON.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Gentlemen, the tea.

(*Enter KENRICK and CAPTAIN HORNECK. KENRICK is sinister—CAPTAIN HORNECK the brother of CATHERINE and MARY is the frank young Englishman.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Laughing*) Tell that to Mr. Garrick. He'll put it into a play.

(*Enter BURKE.*)

GARRICK. (*Lighting a pipe up c.*) What is it?

CAPTAIN. Tell it, Kenrick.

KENRICK. (*Producing coin*) A bad guinea—In Fleet Street last week a drab of a woman locked arms with me——

JOHNSON. I trust, sir, no one saw the poor creature.

KENRICK. I think not. I couldn't *begin* to. (*Laughs*)

BURKE. And you're not hard to please, sir? (*Takes a pipe*)

KENRICK. No—but I had this bad guinea in my pocket so I said—"render to Cæsar," etc.

JOHNSON. (*Rising*) Stop, sir—I won't have the gospel lightly quoted in my hearing to embellish the story of a harlot——

KENRICK. Is that gospel—I associated it with the "Rambler"—and this feminine member of that fraternity revived it. (*Business of hard hit in pantomime between GARRICK and BURKE*) At any rate I gave her the guinea to be rid of her. Well, it seems she knew me; and blast my eyes if she didn't turn up at my lodgings the next day with an officer—swear I'd given her the guinea in a fair exchange and force me to make restitution—ha ha. How is that? (*Throws guinea on table*)

HORNECK. I say good for a play?

GARRICK. (*Takes coin mechanically*) Very good for a play because a play's all counterfeit.

(*Enter servant with bowl of punch. GARRICK plays with the guinea a moment and with KENRICK'S consent keeps it.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Here's the punch, gentlemen. I hope you'll take charge of it, Doctor Johnson. (JOHNSON *stirs punch*)

KENRICK. Hear—hear—*In vino veritas*—Good liquor's a fine thing for arriving to the truth. Isn't it, Doctor Johnson?

JOHNSON. Sir, it is. If a man must keep company with a liar. (*Pause*) Mr. Burke, may I help you.

BURKE. After that, not first, sir.

GARRICK. (*Tragically*) "I'll cross it tho' it blast me." (*Takes the cup*)

(MRS. FEATHERSTONE and CATHERINE *appear on stairs.*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. May we come too if we promise to be very good?

GARRICK. (*Acting the Herald*) The ladies.

JOHNSON. Madame! Come! We beg of you. (*Men start to put out pipes*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Oh no. You *must* smoke, gentlemen. I like it, and I think my young friends must learn to do the same. (*Defers to the girls*)

CAPTAIN. (*Laughing*) Why bless you, gentlemen, my sisters are as used to the smell of tobacco as I am to that of musk.

GARRICK. (*In general appeal*) Can one go further?

CAPTAIN. (*As he leads them down*) Where's Mary?

CATHERINE. Mary will join us immediately.

(*They take seats.*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Doctor Johnson.

JOHNSON. Madame.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Mr. Featherstone has promised us that you are to read some verses of Doctor Goldsmith.

CATHERINE. Oh, how delightful.

KENRICK. You evidently haven't heard them, Miss Catherine.

CATHERINE. You dreadful man. It's awful to be a critic, isn't it, Doctor Johnson?

JOHNSON. Awful is not the word, my dear.

BOSWELL. How would you define a critic?

JOHNSON. Sir, a critic is *an intellectual capon*, a biped who gets fat because it produces nothing.

(KENRICK affects a smile—BURKE and GARRICK exchange looks—BOSWELL makes a note.)

(Enter MARY.)

FEATHERSTONE. Miss Mary, we are waiting for you.

OMNES. Miss Mary.

KENRICK. Have this chair, Miss Mary?

MARY. Thank you.

KENRICK. It is comfortable to sleep in; and Doctor Johnson is going to read some verses.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. By Doctor Goldsmith.

CATHERINE. Dear Goldsmith, I think he's the homeliest man alive.

KENRICK. And you say that in the presence of his friend, Doctor Johnson. (*Turns away laughing*)

MARY. I've read his *verses*.

JOHNSON. The Traveller?

MARY. Yes. And *I* never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.

JOHNSON. My dear girl—that sentiment ad-

vances your entire sex in the good opinion of the world.

KENRICK. Do you believe, sir, that Goldsmith wrote the verses himself?

JOHNSON. I do.

GARRICK. And I.

BURKE. And let me tell you that's believing a great deal.

JOHNSON. (*Despairing*) Well, have *all* heard them?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Not I.

CATHERINE. Nor I.

FEATHERSTONE. Nor I.

CAPTAIN. Nor I.

BOSWELL. Nor have I heard them.

JOHNSON. Very well—(*Begins to read*) "The Traveller: Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow
. . . . "

(*Noise in hall.*)

OMNES. Sh——

FEATHERSTONE. Stop that noise, Roger.

(*All look toward L. U. E.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Outside*) The best room in the house, mind you, and something hot to eat.

FEATHERSTONE. (*Rising*) Why, what can it be?
(*ROGER appears at the door smiling*)

GARRICK. That's Goldy's voice. Do you expect him?

FEATHERSTONE. No sir. Well, Roger?

ROGER. (*Suppressing a smile*) A gentleman, sir, has mistook the house for an inn.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. An inn.

ROGER. He's sending his cab away.

GARRICK. (*Quickly and with eager enjoyment*) Small gentleman—Irish.
men?

ROGER. I should say Irish, sir.

GOLDSMITH. (*Off*) Come, come, lad—here's my bag. Lend a hand to it.

BURKE. (*Rapidly*) Oliver Goldsmith for all the world. Do you know him?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Why no, sir.

BURKE. (*Running to door*) Go—keep him—

(ROGER *exit*.)

FEATHERSTONE. (*Indignantly*) An inn!

BURKE. (*Excitedly at the door up L.*) It's he. Now don't spoil it—Don't spoil it. For Heaven's sake, ladies, leave us a minute. (*General movement*) Gentlemen, get between the doors—all but "landlord" Featherstone. (*Laughter*)

FEATHERSTONE. Landlord!

BURKE. (*Pleading*) A chance like this comes once in a life time. It's like—first love, or repentance.

MARY. Why, it's a shame to play a joke on him.

CATHERINE. (*Lightly*) Oh come, Mary. (*Takes her to stairs*)

BURKE. Off with you, Captain. Get out, Davy (*CAPTAIN goes I E. R. GARRICK goes L. to JOHNSON*) Come, sir—(*Exit I L.*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*At door*) Well, quickly, gentlemen.

JOHNSON. (*The last to go, reaches door I L.*) The wrong foot—(*He turns back a few paces annoyed with this characteristic superstition*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*Warning*) Doctor—Doctor!

JOHNSON. (*Counting*) Two, three, four—(*Reaches doorway where GARRICK meets him*)

GARRICK. "Bad luck" be hanged. (*Pulls him through doorway*)

FEATHERSTONE. Sir—Good-evening.

GOLDSMITH. (*Appearing in doorway. He wears*

a cape coat, a cocked hat, and carries a stick) The Landlord?

FEATHERSTONE. This is my place, sir—I hope it pleases you.

GOLDSMITH. (*Surveying the room*) Pleases me—Well it should, sir. I've never seen a more cosy tavern in my life. It must have been some gentleman's place before *you* got it.

FEATHERSTONE. You're right there, sir. It *was* a gentleman's place. (*ROGER brings GOLDSMITH'S bag*)

GOLDSMITH. Put it there. (*ROGER sets the bag down back of table*) What's this—Punch.

(*Exit ROGER.*)

FEATHERSTONE. (L. C.) I have other guests, sir, and they ordered; but you're welcome.

GOLDSMITH. Thank you. Damme, you're not an Englishman, are you?

FEATHERSTONE. I am an Englishman, sir.

GOLDSMITH. You should have been born in Ireland. You have the generosity of one of her unfortunate sons—but your hand, sir. Englishman or no Englishman. Landlord or no Landlord, you're a man; and hang me I'd kiss a Turk if he had in his face the milk o' human kindness that's in yours—Whisper—They make a gentleman of *me*, but damme I'd rather be a man—join me. (*They drink*)

FEATHERSTONE. Thank you, sir.

BURKE. (*In the doorway. To GARRICK*) Don't laugh at him, David. Hang me, but he rings true as steel.

GOLDSMITH. Now, sir, I'd like a bite—You've dined yourself?

FEATHERSTONE. This hour, sir. (*Crosses R.*)

GOLDSMITH. You're married, of course. (*Sits*)

FEATHERSTONE. Of course, sir.

GOLDSMITH. (*Expansively*) To be sure—It gives respectability to the place.

FEATHERSTONE. In fact, sir, I'm married twice and living now with my second wife.

GOLDSMITH. (*Rising*) Your hand. (*They shake hands*) I consider a second marriage the triumph of hope—over experience.

FEATHERSTONE. (*Aside*) I hope Sarah didn't hear that.

GOLDSMITH. Then I trust your *lady* will sit with us.

FEATHERSTONE. 'Twill be an honor, sir. (*Going*) I'll order. (*Exit I R.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Alone*) Failed! Failed as a miserable carpenter of human anatomy! 'M! Not good enough to sign death certificates on an East Indian steamer. Ah well it's fate. It's fate. I'm trying to run away from Mary—from Mary Horneck and 'twas a cowardly device. Sure she brought me safe to pot with one smile of her angel face and I'll stand me broiling as any game bird should.

(*Re-enter FEATHERSTONE.*)

FEATHERSTONE. It's mostly cold, sir—but such as it is I think 'twill please you, sir. (*He consults a seeming menu*)

GOLDSMITH. Let's have it.

FEATHERSTONE. For the first course; "pig and prune sauce."

GOLDSMITH. To a man that is hungry, pig and prune sauce is good eating.

FEATHERSTONE. Then there is "pork pie"—a "boiled rabbit and sausage"—a "shaking pudding and taffety cream."

GOLDSMITH. (*With unction*) It sounds like the

wedding breakfast at Elsinor—Send me what you please, sir, but be sure my bed is well aired.

FEATHERSTONE. Yes, sir.

(*Enter MRS. FEATHERSTONE at stairs.*)

GOLDSMITH. And look you, landlord, I'd as lief fast as *eat alone* myself. Won't you and your lady sit with me?

FEATHERSTONE. I thank you, sir—Oh my wife is here. The name please?

GOLDSMITH. Goldsmith, sir.

FEATHERSTONE. Goldsmith? Surely not Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH. (*Pleased*) Yes, sir. Doctor Oliver Goldsmith. You know of *me*?

FEATHERSTONE. (*Tries to remember*) We know The Traveller, sir. "Remote, unfriendly, something, something slow."

GOLDSMITH. Well not so slow as that—still you *read*—and you are my guests—Madam, your servant—(*Bows*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Dr. Goldsmith. (*Bows. Apart to FEATHERSTONE*) He is ugly, isn't he? (*FEATHERSTONE motions caution*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*Fixing chair*) Here, my dear, since Doctor Goldsmith honors us—(*MRS. FEATHERSTONE sits*)

(*Enter servant with supper.*)

FEATHERSTONE. I have other guests to-night, sir. In fact, my poor house is rather put to it for capacity.

GOLDSMITH. Well, sir, I called for the best room in the house—but don't let it worry you. To tell you the truth, I've slept many a night in a garret—so there.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Oh we shan't put you in the garret, sir.

(*Enter BURKE.*)

BURKE. (*With affected surprise*) Why bless me if it isn't Nolly Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH. (*Rising in glee*) Burke! Ned Burke—why of all the men in the world—(*Shakes his hand and pats his back affectionately*) To think I find you. (*To FEATHERSTONE*) I'd rather you gave me the garret, landlord. 'Twill be near the roof that shelters Ned Burke—(*Again shakes BURKE'S hand*)

BURKE. I'm glad to see you, Noll. (*Half embraces him*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To Landlord in fine display*) The same school together. He's Irish himself. Burke's his name. Did he tell you?

FEATHERSTONE. I heard it, sir, from one of his party.

GOLDSMITH. (*Turning to BURKE*) Party? Then you're not alone, Ned?

BURKE. (*Apologetically*) A few friends.

GOLDSMITH. (*Cast down*) What a pity. We'd 'a made a night of it. I've just had the worst luck, Ned. Sit down and share me banquet. (*They sit*)

BURKE. Bad luck, Noll?

GOLDSMITH. Failed at a Doctor's examination—for East Indian service—He says I've a liver and lungs and a number of other organs that are not active.

BURKE. Well, that is bad luck.

GOLDSMITH. (*Changing manner*) And I've some good luck too. My picture is in the windows of all the print shops. Have you seen it, Ned? (*To MRS. FEATHERSTONE.*) By Joshua Reynolds—Have you bought an engraving? (*Again to BURKE*)

BURKE. Well I haven't *bought* it, Noll, but I know where to *hang* it when I do.

GOLDSMITH. Ah, Ned, Ned—(*Rises—to* MRS. FEATHERSTONE) if there was a picture of Edmund Burke, I should not have waited an hour without having it. (*In quick recovery*) But there—I've much better than a picture. I've Ned himself. (*Pausing*) No, I forgot your friends. Who are

BURKE. Why, Noll—quite a party. Boys from the club.

GOLDSMITH. (*Again elated*) From the club—what luck—who are they? Beauclerk——

BURKE. No; but Johnson——

GOLDSMITH. (*Rising*) Johnson—where is he?

BURKE. And—and Bossy.

GOLDSMITH. Bossy, of course, if ye have Johnson.

BURKE. And Davy Garrick.

GOLDSMITH. (*More quietly*) Garrick!

BURKE. (*Noting his change of manner*) Nonsense, Noll—That's all over, isn't it?

GOLDSMITH. With *me* of course—only he's stiff as buckram.

BURKE. He won't be now, I promise you.

GOLDSMITH. Well let's lose no time. (*Goes down R.*) Who thinks of eating when such spirits are by. Call them in. (*Introduces* FEATHERSTONE) The landlord, Ned; and his wife. I've asked them to sit with me. You don't mind. (*Anxiously*)

BURKE. Why not at all.

GOLDSMITH. I'll *not* slape in the garret. I'll not slape at all. We'll make a night of it, eh? (*Crosses up C.*)

BURKE. If the ladies don't object.

GOLDSMITH. (*Looks to* MRS. FEATHERSTONE) Ladies?—Is there a daughter?

BURKE. Ladies with *us*. Captain Horneck has brought his sisters.

GOLDSMITH. (*Pause and complete change of manner*) Mary?

BURKE. Both of them.

GOLDSMITH. But Mary?

BURKE. Mary of course; and Catherine.

GOLDSMITH. God bless me. It's fate that brings me here. Is me wig on straight?

(JOHNSON and GARRICK enter L. I arm in arm.)

GARRICK. (*Reciting*)

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state;
With daring aims irregularly great,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye.

GOLDSMITH. (*Aside*) My verses—How beautiful!

JOHNSON. (*Pretending surprise*) Ah Goldy—

GOLDSMITH. Doctor—(*Eagerly shaking hands*)
Mr. Garrick! (*Shakes hands*)

JOHNSON. This is an unexpected pleasure.

GOLDSMITH. The merest chance. I stopped for the night at a ramshackle place below—and I said to the cabby "You rascal, take me to the best house in the town."

GARRICK. Well, he did it.

GOLDSMITH. (*Expansively*) And the best spirits.

GARRICK. You've *tried* the punch then?

GOLDSMITH. No, but I *will*. Ned tells me you've ladies too.

GARRICK. That's right; *two*.

(*Enter BOSWELL, HORNECK and KENRICK.*)

GOLDSMITH. Captain **Horneck**, your servant.

CAPTAIN. You know Mr. Kenrick, Doctor Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH. Of the reviews?

KENRICK. Occasionally—in an anonymous way.

JOHNSON. Sir. Mr. Kenrick is one of those who make themselves public without making themselves known.

GOLDSMITH. (*Apart to BURKE with some uneasiness*) One of the party?

BURKE. (*Lightly*) Oh yes.

(*Enter CATHERINE and MARY.*)

CATHERINE. Good evening, Doctor.

GOLDSMITH. Why my "Little Comedy"—and—Miss Mary—

MARY. Doctor Goldsmith!

GOLDSMITH. (*Apart*) Tell me, my dear lady, what is the occasion for this gathering?

MARY. Well truly—but it will make you vain, sir.

GOLDSMITH. (*Shaking head*) It comes too late—I've had your frindship.

MARY. Why then—to hear your verses.

GOLDSMITH. Ah, ah, how could you know I'd *be here*.

MARY. To be *read* I mean—Dr. Johnson is to read them to us.

GOLDSMITH. But why here?

MARY. Mr. Featherstone invited us.

GOLDSMITH. Featherstone?

MARY. Our host.

GOLDSMITH. (*Looking around at FEATHERSTONE*) What a remarkable man. (*Pause*) Still my own father was only a clergyman.

MARY. He was *more*, sir.

GOLDSMITH. More?

MARY. Yes, Dr. Goldsmith, he was *your father*.

GOLDSMITH. He was—and of seven more besides—(MARY *turns away smiling*) But faith the church paid him better.

JOHNSON. (*Rapping on table*) Dr. Goldsmith—Dr. Goldsmith, sir!

GOLDSMITH. Sir, to you, Doctor Johnson.

GARRICK. Who's for "Poonsh"—

JOHNSON. (*After a withering look*) I don't say "Poonsh."

GOLDSMITH. Call it what you will. (*Feels in pocket*) One may summon spirits from the vasty deep—but will they come? (*Looks at coin in hand with consternation*)

MARY. What is it, Doctor?

GOLDSMITH. A shilling—(*Feels in other pockets*) I was going to call for another bowl of punch but I gave that cab driver a guinea. (*Pause*) Yes—I did. (*Regards the shilling*)

BURKE. (*Looking about*) What cab driver?

GOLDSMITH. The man that fetched me—no matter. (*Tosses off his disappointment*) My only regret. (*Looking at MARY*) is that it wasn't *ten* guineas; for the pleasure is cheaply purchased.

MARY. You meant to give him a shilling instead?

GOLDSMITH. Among others, yes—but no matter, a discerning Providence put the gold where 'twould do the most good.

MARY. Perhaps he's an honest man and may return it. (*Start by GARRICK and gesture of silence to others*)

(GARRICK *tiptoes out unseen by GOLDSMITH.*)

BURKE. Perhaps our host—will *trust* you, Noll.

GOLDSMITH. Right! he may. (*To FEATHERSTONE*) If my friends here guarantee my fair character.

FEATHERSTONE. Why, surely.

CATHERINE. Which we do gladly, Doctor.

OMNES. Yes, we do.

GOLDSMITH. Then look sharp, my good man and don't spare the liquor—(FEATHERSTONE *starts off*) Be quick about it—for Doctor Johnson's going to read to us. (*Pause as he regards* MRS. FEATHERSTONE) Madam it seems to me we have met before?

(*Exit* FEATHERSTONE.)

MARY. (MRS. FEATHERSTONE *nods and smiles*) Mrs. Featherstone is occasionally of the Covent Garden Theatre. "Mrs. Hughes" on the bills.

BOSWELL. Played *Mistress Croaker* in your *Good Natured Man*.

GOLDSMITH. Sure—sure—but you've grown more plump. I *heard* you were married—but I never knew to an innkeeper.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Smilingly changing subject*) I've heard at the theatre that we may have another play from your pen.

GOLDSMITH. I have all the material—characters—everything, but a story to carry it, and hang me but my thick wits won't make even the *start* at a story.

JOHNSON. Doctor Goldsmith, the reading of your poem has been once interrupted to-night; and whether we read it or not, I take this occasion to say that it's the finest poem that has appeared since the day of Pope.

GOLDSMITH. (*Impressively taking his hand*) Sir—I'd rather have you say that, than have it from any other man that lives.

OMNES. Good, good.

GOLDSMITH. (*In undertone to* JOHNSON) And I'd rather that girl heard you (*Nodding toward* MARY) than have a thousand pounds.

CATHERINE. Doctor—Doctor Johnson.

GOLDSMITH. (*Prompting*) Doctor. (*Calls his attention to CATHERINE*)

JOHNSON. Pardon, miss.

CATHERINE. Mrs. Featherstone tells me there is a new portrait by Mr. Reynolds in the music room.

JOHNSON. I should like to see it.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. You think him our best, do you not, Doctor?

JOHNSON. (*Taking MRS. FEATHERSTONE'S arm and going*) Quite. I have only one suggestion to the improvement of Joshua Reynolds. (*Boswell attends*) I wish he would read his bible and never use his pencil on Sunday.

(*Exit with MRS. FEATHERSTONE, BOSWELL follows.*)

CATHERINE. (*Going with BURKE and hiding her mirth*) Do you really think he mistakes it for an inn?

BURKE. Beyond a doubt. I went to school with him, and you may be sure if there's a wrong way to anything Nolly Goldsmith'll take it. (*Exit with CATHERINE*)

CAPTAIN. (*To GOLDSMITH who is disposed to wait for MARY*) Oh, she'll come with Kenrick.

GOLDSMITH. (*Yielding and following*) A bad face—a bad face.

CAPTAIN. Well—some people think Mary very pretty——

GOLDSMITH. Hang it, man—I mean Kenrick's face. (*Exit with CAPTAIN who is chaffing him*)

KENRICK. (*Who has affected to follow with MARY—interposes*) I was to have your answer to-night.

MARY. (*With dignity*) I have given it.

KENRICK. Refused!

MARY. No. Simply not permitted to offer. It's a subject forbidden between you and me. (*Starts*)

MARY. Let us join the others, please!

KENRICK. (*Meaningly*) There's a great service dependent upon your answer.

MARY. What service?

KENRICK. (*Nodding off*) It concerns your brother, Captain Horneck——

MARY. (*Pause*) Well——

KENRICK. It concerns your mother—it is a matter that affects even your sister, and yourself.

MARY. What is it? You approach it so warily, Mr. Kenrick, that you force me to distrust.

KENRICK. It concerns your father's—reputation—his memory.

MARY. Do you attack the reputation of dead men?

KENRICK. I would defend them?

MARY. And my father's memory *needs* defense?

KENRICK. (*Pause*) Seriously.

MARY. I don't believe you.

KENRICK. You must——

MARY. What does my brother say?

KENRICK. I haven't told him.

MARY. Why not?

KENRICK. The charge too nearly affects himself.

MARY. You must speak more definitely.

KENRICK. The money that bought Charlie his commission——

MARY. Well?

KENRICK. The funds that purchased the home in which your mother lives——

MARY. What of it—quick!

KENRICK. A—a misappropriation of a trust, given into your father's keeping.

MARY. (*Indignant*) A falsehood—a base and cowardly falsehood.

KENRICK. So *I* believe—so I would prove——

MARY. My brother will do that.

KENRICK. He can't—he is not in a position to do

KENRICK. (*Again interposing*) Mary.

so. The mere publication of this charge would put upon him the obligation of selling his commission to restore this money——

MARY. What of that—he is young and courageous.

KENRICK. And very proud——

MARY. Yes, with pride of the right kind.

KENRICK. Why force him from his regiment—from his clubs—from his associates—it will put your mother out of her home—it will be even an insuperable blight upon yourself.

MARY. But it is false.

KENRICK. So—So I *believe*—Yet false accusations leave scars scarcely less indelible than true ones. I want to stop even the printing of this—I want to go to the proprietor of the magazine who is debating their publication, and with whom I have business relation and pressure, and I want to say to him—One of these young ladies is to be my wife——

MARY. (*Agitated*) No—no——

KENRICK. Even though she never becomes my wife—I want the right which the *promise* gives——

MARY. I cannot—If you are honest—if you believe this calumny is malicious——

(*Enter GOLDSMITH.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Noting the girl's agitation and her company*) Mary!

KENRICK. (*Pause*) Miss Horneck is not feeling well.

GOLDSMITH. What's the matter?

MARY. Nothing before these people.

(*Exit KENRICK.*)

GOLDSMITH. It's mighty strange. I start out on a journey, to run away from my own thought of

certain people, and—plump! I find myself face to face with them. Why, it's like something in a nightmare.

MARY. Oh, I hope you don't call meeting old friends a nightmare, Doctor?

GOLDSMITH. That's my blunderin' tongue. You know what I mane.

MARY. Yes, I know what you mean. You had taken a journey to get away from some people, and you come to the end of your journey, and there they are?

GOLDSMITH. That's it.

MARY. Who are they?

GOLDSMITH. (*Embarrassed*) Well—well—certain people I was thinkin' of too much entirely.

MARY. Dr. Johnson?

GOLDSMITH. Well, not exactly Johnson.

MARY. Burke?

GOLDSMITH. Why, Burke's me brother.

MARY. Garrick?

GOLDSMITH. Oh, I like Garrick.

MARY. Then, which of the gentlemen is it?

GOLDSMITH. It's no *gentleman* at all.

MARY. A woman! Oh! But you don't know Mrs. Featherstone.

GOLDSMITH. No—God bless me it's *yourself*.

MARY. You were running away from me?

GOLDSMITH. From thinkin' of you. Don't turn away. Why, your own mother never laid you to rest in yer cradle with half the tenderness and care of me boldest thoughts, whenever they touched your swate image.

MARY. But you "ran away."

GOLDSMITH. I did.

MARY. Why was that?

GOLDSMITH. Well, I'm more kinds of a failure than one woman could stand. I'm no Doctor, and no lawyer, and no musician at all. I know, because

I've tried all three o' thim. I think I'm a poet, whin I drame of you, and thin I get a peep at a lookin' glass, and I'm only a shoemaker.

MARY. And there's a picture of you in all the print shops of London.

GOLDSMITH. There is? May I send you one?

MARY. Yes.

GOLDSMITH. Thank you.

MARY. But I have *one* already.

GOLDSMITH. Of me?

MARY. Of you, Dr. Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH. In the parlor.

MARY. No.

GOLDSMITH. (*Subdued*) Oh!

MARY. In my own room.

GOLDSMITH. (*Elated*) Mary—Mary—(*Pause*) Of course, it's just the picture of your old friend that went with you on your tour to Paris, eh?

MARY. It is an old friend, of course.

GOLDSMITH. D'ye think it could be more? D'ye think if me book was to sell—and I'd really write a play—and I'd stand up straight and take dancin' lessons—(*He looks at his awkward legs*)

MARY. (*Pause*) Well?

GOLDSMITH. Oh, I wish there wasn't a lookin' glass in the world. Mary! In a matter of beauty, could ye take the will for the dade? There's a divil's own lot in good nature. Could ye, Mary, if I were to ask ye?

MARY. But don't ask me any more—now——

(*Enter CAPTAIN, JOHNSON and CATHERINE.*)

JOHNSON. (*Importing the conversation*) I know of no man who passes through life with more observation than Reynolds.

(*Enter BOSWELL, BURKE and MRS. FEATHERSTONE.*
ROGER *appears at door back.*)

ROGER. If you please, 'mam, a cabman to see the last gentleman.

(*Enter FEATHERSTONE with punch R. 1.*)

GOLDSMITH. To see—me? (*Goes to door up L.*)

(*Enter GARRICK as cabman. The improvised makeup is complete and the acting deceives all.*)

GARRICK. A gentleman gi' me a guinea—I think by mistake. (*He speaks a broad cockney*)

GOLDSMITH. I did—but—faith, man, I never expected to see it back. (*To others*) Look ye—it's among *the poor* that honor has the surest hold.

GARRICK. (*Offering guinea*) But I'd like the *shilling* the gentleman meant to give me.

GOLDSMITH. 'Tis here; my last. Ned, lend me another—Honesty like *this* must not go *unrecognized*.

(*BURKE gives a shilling.*)

KENRICK. Here. (*Giving a coin*)

GOLDSMITH. Good—a collection.

(*GARRICK discloses himself to the others excepting JOHNSON as GOLDSMITH'S back is turned.*)

CAPTAIN. Take mine. (*Gives a shilling*)

GOLDSMITH. Come, Doctor, a sixpence anyway.

JOHNSON. (*Who did not see GARRICK*) Yes—(*Contributes sixpence*)

GOLDSMITH. Mr. Boswell—

BOSWELL. What did Dr. Johnson give?

GOLDSMITH. Sixpence. (*BOSWELL contributes*)
Now where's Mr. Garrick?

BURKE. Yes, where is Garrick?

JOHNSON. (*Calling*) Davy! Davy!

(BURKE *privately informs* JOHNSON *of the comedy being played.*)

GOLDSMITH. Never mind. Give me a shilling for him, Captain, and we'll make him repay you when he joins us.

(CAPTAIN *gives another piece.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Let me give a shilling also.

GOLDSMITH. Not at all, man, you're keeping a public house and work hard enough yourself. (*Suppressed laughter all around as GOLDSMITH goes to GARRICK*) There, my good fellow, take that, and always remember that virtue, and an easy conscience are better than riches.

GARRICK. God bless you, sir. There's a new babby at 'ome—an' my old woman'll be glad to call it after you, sir. May I ask your name?

GOLDSMITH. (*Thoughtfully*) Then call it Burke.

GARRICK. Burke.

GOLDSMITH. Aye, Edmund Burke—God bless you. (*Pats GARRICK on back and puts him out*) I couldn't help it, Ned. I'd call my own boy after you, if ever Heaven sent me one, and I was married but—I think *that's*—(*Nodding toward door*)—the nearest I'll ever come to being a father.

JOHNSON. (*Meaningly*) That cabby was as fine a character as I ever saw.

GOLDSMITH. (*To MARY*) Ah, ha—he was poor—and honest—and that's recommendation enough for Sam Johnson. (*Goes aside to MARY. The company one and all are moved by GOLDSMITH's truth*)

JOHNSON. (*Pause*) Shall we read?

GOLDSMITH. My verses, Doctor?

JOHNSON. Yes, sir—but where is David Garrick?

(GOLDSMITH engrossed in talk. Enter GARRICK. He has dropped his disguise.)

GARRICK. Here, sir.

BURKE. You're a devil, Davy.

GARRICK. (*Gleefully showing silver*) Five shilling.

GOLDSMITH. Oh, Mr. Garrick—a poor cabman was here—brought me a guinea I gave him by mistake for a bob. We took up a collection because of his honesty, and Captain Horneck put in a shilling for you.

GARRICK. Thank you, Captain. Let's see the guinea.

GOLDSMITH. (*Indicating CAPTAIN*) I told him you'd make it good! (*Hands guinea to GARRICK. It is the one GARRICK first had from KENRICK*)

GARRICK. Of course—but see here, this guinea's bad.

GOLDSMITH. What's that you say?

GARRICK. (*Throws it on the table where it rings dull*) Counterfeit.

GOLDSMITH. Counterfeit!! (*All laugh but GOLDSMITH. Pause*) And I named his baby Ned Burke. (*Apologetically—to BURKE—others laugh again*)

BURKE. (*Consoling GOLDSMITH*) No matter—I dare say the baby's a counterfeit, too. (*Another laugh*)

GOLDSMITH. (*At the punch and serving it*) Well, let's forget 'em. The poor man himself was real—The punch, thank Heaven, is real—Our good, landlord is real—*love and friendship* are real—and that's *all* the world.

JOHNSON. (*With tolerant admiration*) Yes, Goldy, everything's as *real* as your wonderful imagination can make it. (*General laugh. All take seats. As the noise subsides, the voice of a woman singing in the street is heard. About to read*) Well, now what's that?

GARRICK. A street singer.

FEATHERSTONE. (*Calling*) Roger—send that woman away.

GOLDSMITH. No—there's distress in that voice or I never heard it. Excuse me a minute. (*Exit*)

CATHERINE. What's he going to do?

KENRICK. Give her that bad guinea.

(*Several laugh. Singing ceases.*)

JOHNSON. (*With book*) Shall we wait for him?

MARY and OTHERS. Oh, yes!

JOHNSON. See here, Davy—give me back my sixpence.

GARRICK. (*Jingling the money*) Not at all—You've had a private performance for what you usually pay to enter the pit. (*Laughter*)

JOHNSON. (*Nodding toward GARRICK*) He began the world with great hunger for money. The son of a half pay officer.

GARRICK. *Half pay!* I see. That *explains* your sixpence.

(*ROGER enters and gets bag.*)

FEATHERSTONE. What's that, Roger?

ROGER. Dr. Goldsmith's bag—he gave that poor woman his coat—(*Exit with bag*)

OMNES. His coat!!

BURKE. (*Smiling*) At school once, when he had nothing himself he gave a suit of *mine* to a beggar—(*Laughter*)—and I've loved him ever since.

GARRICK. Let's make him confess. (*Exit with BURKE*)

JOHNSON. It's a pity Goldsmith isn't knowing—He'd never keep his knowledge from the world.

(*Enter BURKE and GARRICK with GOLDSMITH between them, trying to get a coat from his bag.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*In his shirt-sleeves*) Ladies, your pardon. Ned, it's not fair play. I'll trouble you, landlord, to show me my room. (*Laughter*)

BURKE. (*With his arm about him*) Landlord! Why, you dear old goose, Noll—This isn't a tavern. (*Laughter*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Abashed*) Not an inn? (*Laughter by all*)

JOHNSON. (*Introducing FEATHERSTONE*) This is William Featherstone, *Esquire*, of Blackheath Manor.

FEATHERSTONE. And most delighted, Doctor, to have you honor my poor house.

BURKE. (*Reversing GOLDSMITH's wig*) Now, bow to the gentlemen. (*Laughter*)

GOLDSMITH. (*In the hush that his plight produces*) Ned—Ned—my old schoolfellow, you let me be ridiculous—before *this* company! (*He looks away from MARY*)

(*A murmur of sympathy and deprecation. MARY impulsively steps forward to champion him—GARRICK playfully restrains her. BURKE has his arm apologetically and comfortingly about his old friend.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The theatre of the present day with curtain down.*

DISCOVERED:—*In stage box R. accessible to stage, JOHNSON, CATHERINE, MARY, BOSWELL, The Covent Garden Leader in dress of period is in Conductor's chair in the musician's pit.*

"PROPS," a boy, comes from back of curtain and sets candle footlights and lights them by extra candle.

LEADER. What are we waiting for, Props?

PROPS. Wytin' for a plai. This bloomin' rot wouldn't go if it was melted.

JOHNSON. (*Ponderously*) What does the boy say? Why do we wait?

PROPS. Oh, you can grow if you wants to Governor. (*Dances a step or two impertinently*) Hit'll be an awful blow of course but we'll try an' bear up, don't you know? (*Dances a step*)

JOHNSON. (*Leaning from box with his cane*) Why you impertinent young spawn of the kennel—

BOSWELL. (*Rising*) I'll have you discharged.

JOHNSON. (*To BOSWELL*) Keep still, sir. (*Curtain goes up—PROPS retires—To boy*) Do you know to whom you are speaking—to whom——

(*On stage at back are BURKE, GOLDSMITH, PROMPTER, MR. QUIRK and MRS. FEATHERSTONE.*)

PROMPTER. Sh—sh——

(*PROPS disappears. GOLDSMITH comes down. He carries a manuscript.*)

LEADER. Dr. Goldsmith, sir—about that song——

GOLDSMITH. (*Wearily*) Not now. (*Approaches box*)

MARY. What is the matter, Doctor Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH. (*Nodding toward the group on stage*) Some of the company refuse to play their parts. (*Down to box*)

JOHNSON. Refuse?

GOLDSMITH. Refuse.

(*BURKE comes down to the box.*)

MARY. Why?

GOLDSMITH. They don't care to be connected with a failure.

(*BURKE puts arm affectionately about GOLDSMITH for a second.*)

JOHNSON. Sir—you don't mean to say—Mr. Burke your hand—(*BURKE helps him over the rail*—MARY follows) Refuse—where are they? (*Sees group at back. Continuing*) Look you, my friends. (*Starts to them. BOSWELL assists CATHERINE to stage*)

GOLDSMITH. Not those, Doctor. The mutineers have gone home.

JOHNSON. (*c. returning*) Gone home?

BURKE. (L.) Yes—the manager dismissed them.

GOLDSMITH. It's all off—Colman's refused the play. (L. c.)

JOHNSON. Sir! he has not.

GOLDSMITH. (*With his play*) Well here it is, scribbled full of trifling objections. Among them the one that—(*Reads*) “no man could mistake a private house for an Inn. But Garrick will know better; for Garrick was there himself when I made the mistake myself.

BURKE. Was where?

GOLDSMITH. At Blackheath when I ordered our friend, Mr. Featherstone, to brew punch for us.

BURKE. You put *that* in a play?

GOLDSMITH. I *did*—Faith, Misfortune never comes *my* way that I don't hitch her to my wagon. But I'm off to peddle it to Davy Garrick again. (*Crosses R. C.*) This is the second time Colman called it out of rehearsal. The first time Garrick accepted it but the Doctor here made him give it back—Colman—Garrick—Garrick—Colman. (*Pantomimes ball tossing over a net*) Oh, I tell you there's a lot of go in it.

BURKE. But why take it away from Garrick?

JOHNSON. Think of the black eye it would have given the play at the start to have it said Colman refused it.

GOLDSMITH. That's the value of the double negative. It's so much better to say he refused it twice.

JOHNSON. Sir, he did not—he has simply handed it back.

GOLDSMITH. (*With a wink to BURKE*) Oh—is that all?

(LEADER *begins plaintive strain.*)

JOHNSON. That is all. *I* brought that play to Colman and it isn't refused until he convinces *me*—which hang it, sir, he never *can*.

(MARY *applauds.*)

GOLDSMITH. No, for when your pistols miss fire you'll knock him down with the butt end of 'em.

JOHNSON. (*To LEADER and annoyed by the music*) You seem pretty sure of that, sir—could you defer it? (LEADER *stops and mumbles to the*

2nd fiddler. *To PROMPTER*) Where is Mr. Colman? *(Cross R.)*

PROMPTER. Gone home I think—though he may have stopped in front.

JOHNSON. *(Starting in front)* I'll see him.

PROMPTER. That door's locked, sir—besides it's against the rules.

JOHNSON. *(To GOLDSMITH c.)* Come, come with me, Doctor. *(Growls himself out at back toward stage door)*

CATHERINE. The dear old bear, I could hug him.

GOLDSMITH. There's nothin' of the bear about him but the skin. *(Exit after JOHNSON)*

MARY. I'm so sorry for him—I feel that his play will succeed. *(R. with MRS. FEATHERSTONE)*

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Of course it will succeed. It isn't the sentimental Laura Matilda stuff we've been having to be sure, but it's a splendid play. And, oh, I feel such an interest in it, Mr. Craddock, because he got his idea for it that night in our house. Mary was there.

KENRICK. *(Enters from wings)* Miss Mary?

MARY. *(Calmly)* Mr. Kenrick!

MR. KENRICK. The playhouse in the daytime is no place for a young lady, and especially the stage of it.

MARY. I am with my sister; and friends; and in Dr. Johnson's care.

KENRICK. Still, the associates are not *proper*.

MARY. Which ones?

KENRICK. Any players. The whole atmosphere is wrong. I wouldn't like people to see the young woman I am to marry entering the stage door. Come, let us go?

MARY. No. These people are my friends. I thing it is a great privilege to be allowed to come to their rehearsals.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. *(Who has seen but not*

heard. *Playfully*) What is it, Mary? Now, she isn't a bit in the way; Mr. Kenrick, and I want her advice about my gowns, and really, there shan't anybody run away with her.

KENRICK. Oh, I don't think Miss Mary'd be in the way, anywhere. (*Bows—cold curtsey from MARY*) But it's a play by Dr. Goldsmith, and already the magazines are hinting at the unusual interest certain young ladies take in his rehearsals.

MARY. Magazines?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. You don't mean that any magazine has dared to comment on the girls coming here?

KENRICK. (*Hesitating*) I'm told they have.

MARY. My name?

KENRICK. I don't know that any *names* are mentioned—but I think it wise to stop Miss Mary's visits.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Why! to think of it!

KENRICK. And so many men are here besides—more or less notorious in the *coffee-houses*. Burke—and Boswell.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Notorious—Burke?

BURKE. (*Catching his name*) I beg pardon?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. I didn't mean to call you.

BURKE. Oh! (*Is about to turn away but next speech stops him*)

KENRICK. I insist upon you're going.

MARY. Insist?

BURKE. *Insist?* Where? What is it?

KENRICK. Miss Mary's people object to her presence behind the scenes in the daytime——

BURKE. Well, get in front of them, Mary.

KENRICK. And *I* object to it.

BURKE. (*Smiling*) Well, that's more serious, but just as hard to understand. (*Laughs*) Who are *you*?

KENRICK. Miss Mary will tell you.

BURKE. (*Turning to MARY*) Well?

KENRICK. Will you come?

MARY. No.

KENRICK. If your brother comes for you?

MARY. No—unless he has some better reason than you've given.

BURKE. (*Walking away with KENRICK*) Hang it, man, the girl's not an infant, and if she were, you're no great shakes of a nurse yourself.

KENRICK. That's Irish brilliancy, I suppose?

BURKE. It's Irish anyway—call it what you will, and I've a blackthorn stick in the corner there, that's *Irish* too.

(*Exit KENRICK.*)

MARY. Mr. Kenrick—(*Starts*)

BURKE. (*Detaining her*) You're not going?

MARY. I don't know. I suppose I should.

BURKE. Why?

MARY. Because he asks it.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Engaged, you know.

BURKE. Oh—(*Pause*) But not married.

MARY. No, we're not.

BURKE. (*Smiling*) Good, because you *don't* nade to take him for want of a better.

(*MARY turns away.*)

CATHERINE. Mr. Burke?

BURKE. My dear—

CATHERINE. Mother needs some legal advice she thinks. You could give it to her, couldn't you?

(*Enter GOLDSMITH.*)

BURKE. I could, but before she follows it, she'd better consult an attorney.

GOLDSMITH. (*To BURKE*) I just met that Kenrick fellow outside, and he said somethin' cross-patch about the girls' bein' here. D'ye think it's improper?

BURKE. He's engaged to marry Mary, you know.

GOLDSMITH. My God!

BURKE. But 'twill never happen. Sure we're two to one against him.

GOLDSMITH. But folks don't get married that way.

(*MARY approaches them—GOLDSMITH, avoids her, and goes to the LEADER.*)

BOSWELL. Do you know, Miss Catherine, Goldsmith owes upwards of two thousand pounds. Rather hard, isn't it?

CATHERINE. Does he owe *you* any Bossy?

BOSWELL. Oh, no—nothing—

CATHERINE. That would be rather hard too, wouldn't it? Hard to *do*.

BOSWELL. What do you mean?

CATHERINE. Oh, I simply recognize that you're Scotch.

BOSWELL. Well, 'don't you think, 'dear lady, something may be made even of a Scotchman?

CATHERINE. Yes, if they catch him young.

BOSWELL. (*Pleadingly*) Catherine.

(*CATHERINE turns from BOSWELL laughing. BOSWELL follows perplexed. BURKE joins prompter group. GOLDSMITH turns from LEADER—MARY meets him.*)

MARY. (*Taking his lapel*) You don't know much about women, do you, Doctor?

GOLDSMITH. Well, that little I do know is greatly to their credit.

MARY. This is the seventh rehearsal I've been to——

GOLDSMITH. Oh, you were speaking of their endurance?

MARY. And you have persistently avoided me.

GOLDSMITH. Avoided *you*—why—why—why I attend the rehearsals myself only because you're here.

MARY. Always an Irishman's defense; his blarney.

GOLDSMITH. Believe me! and Ned Burke there. Couldn't get him up to the stage door till I told him you came every day.

MARY. Why do you talk to me always of Burke?

GOLDSMITH. Well, then his antithesis—I'll bet Kenrick comes, too, when he finds out. You frown. That blackguard's not bothering you again?

MARY. Never mind Kenrick, or Burke either. You *do* avoid me and some way you don't make me so much your friend. It's been weeks since you called at our home.

GOLDSMITH. (*Smiling*) Well you know—the—my doctor's forbidden all stimulants.

MARY. (*Pained*) You refuse to be candid with me, do you, doctor?

GOLDSMITH. (*Very serious*) Why, if I were candid with you—about myself—I'd frighten those roses out o' your cheek—why my life's a—
(*Pause*)

(*Enter JOHNSON from the back, and by stage door.*)

JOHNSON. (*Calls*) Doctor—Doctor Goldsmith—

GOLDSMITH. Yes, sir.

JOHNSON. I've got Colman in the Box office.

GOLDSMITH. (*Indicating JOHNSON*) Always my You come with me.

good genius. He's just saved me from a very foolish exhibition—excuse me. (*Goes to JOHNSON*)

BOSWELL. May I accompany you, doctor?

JOHNSON. No, sir. (*Exit with GOLDSMITH*)

(MARY *sits by dejected*. MRS. FEATHERSTONE *comes down with BURKE*.)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. He's the finest man that ever brought a play into this theatre.

BURKE. (*Chaffing*) Got a good part I see.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Not the best, no—but 'tisn't that. He's just a dear fellow. I want 'em to put Lee Lewis in for young Marlowe and go ahead. Lewis is a good looker and really the part is actor proof. Now don't let them postpone it, Mr. Burke—come here; there's something I want to tell you. (*Brings him down*) If this piece isn't done this season Goldsmith will never see it when it is done.

BURKE. Why, what do you mean?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. I persuaded him to let my physician look him over. (*Holds up her hands*)

BURKE. I knew he was ailing—but it isn't serious?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*With emotion*) Serious? He's a physical wreck—he doesn't look it but—cold garrets—poor food—all sorts of hours—(*Uses handkerchief*) You know he's got to calling me “ma” like these young snips around the green room—well I like it from *him*. You're his friend Burke—and—I *do* like him. (*Wipes eyes and goes up*)

BURKE. But what's the physician say?

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Returns*) He just shook his head when I asked him and that's worse than anything he could say.

BURKE. When they say nothing at all—but shake their heads—you call that in the theatre, don't you —“*business?*”

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Yes, why?

BURKE. Well, that's business with a doctor too—sure they make mountains of mole hills.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Sadly*) Ah—(*Goes up shaking her head—BOSWELL and CATHERINE join her*)

BURKE. (*To MARY*) And what's the matter, Mary, with you?

MARY. Oh, I'm positively ill over it.

BURKE. We envy the glitter and the romance of it but—(*Shakes head and smiles*)

MARY. Why do you shake your head?

BURKE. That's business." (*To LEADER*) Do you have much of this?

LEADER. God bless you, yes. Why we don't do half the pieces we rehearse.

BURKE. (*To MARY*) Think of that—still it's the same with me. I don't speak or publish half the things I construct.

MARY. (*Bantering*) You couldn't.

BURKE. Well—you should know—for you're in most o' thim. (*Follows her to R.*) Noll Goldsmith said you'd be here. That's why I'm in this—temple of art. Hang it—Black art I'd call it. Just think of it. Here we are back o' the footlights. I'm a lover dumb with despair; and you're a proud lady.

MARY. And it's all of it play?

BURKE. Tell me your perversity is——

MARY. I'll tell you nothing—what was Mrs. Featherstone saying of Goldsmith?

BURKE. Oh, she has some physician with a big wig and he shakes his head.

MARY. (*Anxiously*) About Goldsmith?

BURKE. Oh, yes—but sure you have to frighten Noll to get him to pull up—Tut—tut—little one—don't look so scared. What's your interest in Goldsmith anyway? What's your interest in his comedy?

MARY. What's yours?

BURKE. Yourself. He said *you'd* be here. But down at Blackheath you said you'd marry an Irishman if you married at all; and you looked at Goldsmith when I mussed up his wig—Is it he? (*She turns quickly away—BURKE follows confronting her*) Tell me—do you really love him?

MARY. Would it be so surprising?

BURKE. Faith it would.

MARY. *You* love him?

BURKE. I do—but I'm—I'm——

MARY. Peculiar.

BURKE. I see you're in earnest.

MARY. Dr. Johnson loves him. So does Sir Joshua—and Garrick.

BURKE. Sure—but they're none o' them women.

MARY. Well, I'm a woman. (*Walks from him*)

BURKE. (*Aside, and looking after her*) And a damned fine one. To think a woman could have sense enough to see inside of dear old Noll.

(*Enter GARRICK at back—as from stage door.*)

GARRICK. Mr. Colman here?

CATHERINE. Oh, Mr. Garrick?

BURKE. How d'ye do, Davy?

GARRICK. How'dy, Ned? Where's Colman?

BURKE. Gone home, we fear. He's dismissed the rehearsal, and thrown up Goldy's play.

GARRICK. That's like George. When we were jointly interested in management I went nearly wild. Couldn't make up his mind—never anything definite. Seen the London "Packet?"

BURKE. No.

GARRICK. Horrible attack on Goldy. Tell you later.

CATHERINE. I saw you last night, David.

GARRICK. Where?

CATHERINE. At your theatre.

GARRICK. As Romeo?

CATHERINE. Yes.

GARRICK. Please you?

CATHERINE. I thought it was lovely.

GARRICK. Don't call Romeo "it."

CATHERINE. I mean the performance.

GARRICK. Whose?

CATHERINE. Well, yours—for *one*.

GARRICK. Well, *one* was all I tried.

CATHERINE. For a wonder. You generally try to be everybody about you.

GARRICK. I never tried to be *you*, did I?

CATHERINE. No. I don't believe you ever did.

GARRICK. Yet—you and I might be one.

CATHERINE. Oh—pshaw. It's all so matter-of-fact in real life. Tell me—why do the musicians always play when there's anything sentimental on the stage?

GARRICK. Well, unless the auditor is very sympathetic and listens with the ear of faith, words won't mean all that a lover thinks they mean. Music is the language of emotion. Music helps convey the meaning. Why—it even helps the actor.

CATHERINE. To speak?

GARRICK. Yes—and not to speak. It helps him listen. (*To LEADER*) Can you give me a few bars plaintive—tremolo—andante——?

LEADER. Plaintive—andante——?

GARRICK. Yes—pianissimo—and don't look. (*To CATHERINE*) Sit here, please. (*L. of table*) Thank you. (*She sits. The orchestra plays a romantic melody as GARRICK talks*) Catherine, Look at me. Ah. There's something in your eyes, little girl, that sinks into my soul, and seems part of myself. There's somewhat in the perfume of your hair like the smell of hazel bushes, and which, as I breathe it, lulls my senses, as the breath of jasmine does.

CATHERINE. (*Looking at him seriously*) You are acting?

GARRICK. I'm in the theatre now, and that is where I am myself. This is my *world*. The music is the still more real and better part of me which no poet can express, and for which no speech is current, and here—I love you—always—always—you.

CATHERINE. (*Hypnotised by speech and voice and music*) I know it isn't so—at all—*any* of it—and yet I find myself *believing* you. I understand why the women of the playhouse have their heart-aches.

GARRICK. (*In warm undertone*) You find yourself believing me?

CATHERINE. Yes.

GARRICK. Do you care to believe me?

CATHERINE. (*Pause*) I think I do.

GARRICK. Then do.

CATHERINE. Believe you?

GARRICK. Yes. (*Naturally*) That will do, Mr. Leader. Thank you. (*Exit L. with CATHERINE who is still dazed*)

(*Enter JOHNSON and COLMAN.*)

JOHNSON. And, sir, in no half hearted way, either. (*L. c. follows MARY L. 3*)

COLMAN. (*c.*) Where are the people?

PROMPTER. Miss Catley is here and Mr. Quirk and Mrs. Featherstone—Miss Bulkley's gone home.

COLMAN. Where's Doctor Goldsmith?

PROPS. (*Repeating loudly*) Doctor Goldsmith?

(*COLMAN looks at JOHNSON and shrugs shoulders—*

JOHNSON does the same in reply and turns to MARY.)

\ COLMAN. I've decided to put the piece on for a.

night anyway, Craddock. Put in Mr. Quirk for *Tony Lumpkin*.

PROMPTER. He has the part, sir.

COLMAN. Let Mr. Lewis try young *Marlow*.

PROMPTER. Yes, sir.

COLMAN. Call for nine in the morning.

JOHNSON. *Morning?* Can't something be done to-day?

PROMPTER. Mr. Quirk's been standing by, sir, and he'd like to run through his stuff with Mrs. Hardcastle.

COLMAN. Very well.

LEADER. (*Standing up*) Am I wanted any longer?

PROMPTER. (*Garrick appears at back*) Just a few minutes, Mr. Cowley—we've got a new Lumpkin and we'd like to hear his song.

(LEADER *sits growling. Enter L. GARRICK and CATHERINE.*)

GARRICK. Mr. Colman here? (COLMAN *turns*)

COLMAN. How'dy, David?

GARRICK. Interrupting anything?

COLMAN. (*Shaking head*) Just bits.

(GARRICK *crosses to MARY and JOHNSON.*)

GARRICK. Want to see you, George. (*Shakes hands with MARY and comes down L. BOSWELL joins CATHERINE*)

PROPS. Who's that Macaroni?

PROMPTER. Sh! (*Dumb show to PROPS*)

COLMAN. (*To GARRICK c.*) What can I do for you?

GARRICK. Nothing—but I'm afraid you've done for yourself. (*Draws paper*) Look at that.

COLMAN. An open letter to Goldsmith.

GARRICK. Kenrick.

COLMAN. What an ass. He told me he wouldn't print a line about the play unless it was done.

GARRICK. (*Pointing to paper*) Did you tell him it was sure to fail?

COLMAN. Yes, I think I did.

GARRICK. (*Smiling*) And we used to be in business together. Is that your belief?

COLMAN. Honestly.

GARRICK. Did you tell Kenrick you didn't mean to do it?

COLMAN. Told him I *thought* I wouldn't.

GARRICK. Then why *do* you do it?

COLMAN. Damn it, Johnson bullyrags me into it. Why, Dave, the piece is so bad that the people are throwing up their parts.

GARRICK. I think it's pretty good.

COLMAN. You *read* it?

GARRICK. Yes.

COLMAN. Why didn't you *do* it?

GARRICK. (*Smiling*) Johnson bullyragged me out of it.

(*Whistle blows at prompt stand evidently a speaking tube.*)

COLMAN. Deuce he did. (GARRICK *nods*)

PROMPTER. Mr. Colman. (COLMAN *turns*) Box Office wants to speak to you.

COLMAN. See who it is—If it's Doctor Goldsmith tell him to come on the stage.

(PROMPTER *and* COLMAN *now speak together.*)

PROMPTER. (*At tube*) Who is it? Is it Doctor Goldsmith who wants Mr. Colman.

COLMAN. The man's rattled. He goes about the streets talking to himself.

PROMPTER. It's the treasurer, sir. He says the Duke of Gloucester's man is there to buy a box.

GARRICK. (*Encouragingly*) There you are—the Duke of Gloucester.

COLMAN. (*Approaching*) Well tell him—give me the tube (*Taking the mouth picce of tube*) John—Tell the Duke's man to say to his Grace that Mr. Colman is deeply grateful of his Grace's patronage, but that as the play is sure to fail——

GARRICK. What? (*Omnes surprised*)

COLMAN. That Mr. Colman cannot accept the booking fee from his Grace.

MARY. (*Crossing toward COLMAN*) You coward!

COLMAN. (*Turning*) What—what's that?

MARY. You coward—You're worse than coward—You traitor—How *dare* you anyway? What do you know about it? You never wrote anything yourself worth listening to but the piece Mr. Garrick *helped* you with—Doctor Johnson says so himself.

GARRICK. (*Expostulating*) My dear Miss Horneck!

(BURKE takes MARY away. MRS. FEATHERSTONE comforts them as MARY is almost in tears.)

COLMAN. I only give my opinion, David. The piece dwindles and dwindles and goes out like the snuff of a candle.

GARRICK. Nonsense, George, you've just lost your nerve. I'll take the venture off your hands. (*Cries of "Good," etc.*) I'll buy the week at the figure of your expenses.

COLMAN. Week? Why it won't go two nights.

GARRICK. Ha,—ha—That's because it's comedy—Comedy's the most ghastly stuff to *rehearse*. You've got to have your laughs.

JOHNSON. (*Scowling and scolding*) I laugh—I come every rehearsal and laugh, laugh! laugh. (*Finishes in a deep growl*)

GARRICK. There you are—Now I fetched over Drummond from my theatre—(*Calls*) Adam Drummond! Drummond!

COLMAN. Who's Drummond?

GARRICK. *Leads* my laughs in the audience at Drury Lane. He's got a laugh—well—the neighing of a horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it. (*Calls*) Adam—Oh, here he is. Only one trouble—Doesn't know when to do it. (*Enter DRUMMOND a robust peri-wigged fellow*) Mr. Drummond—Mr. Colman, manager here—Mr. Colman is bringing out a new play by a friend of mine—a comedy, and I want to see it succeed. Now this is Doctor Samuel Johnson. Where do you sit the first night, Doctor?

JOHNSON. That box.

GARRICK. Good—(*He carefully explains to DRUMMOND*) I'll hold a stall for you over there. (*Points L. in parquet*) Never mind the play—you watch Doctor Johnson—when he *smiles*—(*DRUMMOND nods*) that's all. They're going to rehearse some bits of it. (*To PROMPTER*) You are?

PROMPTER. Yes, sir.

GARRICK. You just sit over here now, Adam, and show them how much a little *discriminating appreciation* can do. (*To COLMAN*) And George—see here. (*Aside to COLMAN. DRUMMOND sits to stage left and carefully watches JOHNSON*) What I really intruded for—you don't mind this impertinence—(*Indicates whole stage*)

COLMAN. Why, David?

GARRICK. (*He produces the newspaper*) We must keep this thing from Goldsmith. It's the talk of the whole street. Look at this line—

COLMAN. (*Reading*) “Will woman bear it to

be told that for hours the great Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque Orang-outang's figure in a pier glass? was but the lovely H—dash—K—as much enamored—(*Speaks*) H—K——”

GARRICK. (*Explaining*) Horneck—Mary Horneck—Kenrick's in love with her himself, and he thinks Goldsmith's his rival. Oh, I tell you it's pretty venomous—Now we must keep it from Goldy—You know that's too dirty. (*Scans the print with his finger*) Orang-outang and all that's very well but to drag in a lady's name—where is he? (GARRICK *folds the paper*)

COLMAN. Goldsmith?

GARRICK. Yes.

COLMAN. He went out of the box office ahead of Johnson and myself—I thought to come here.

GARRICK. Depressed?

COLMAN. Yes.

GARRICK. I'll find him. (*Going*) Good-day, ladies—Doctor.

(COLMAN *speaks to* PROMPTER.)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Calls*) Oh, David! (*She detains him in dumb show talk*)

COLMAN. (*Testily. To* PROMOTER) Get through as quickly as you can and get rid of these people. I've got a piece of Kelley's that I *know's* all right—so let's get this on and *off* and be done with it.

PROMOTER. (*With vicarious authority*) Clear the stage everybody.

GARRICK. (*Coming down*) Oh, George—just a minute—(*Hands paper*) Show that to Burke and Johnson and tell them to keep Goldsmith busy so that he doesn't see it. And the young lady too—of course.

COLMAN. I will.

GARRICK. I'll find Goldy. (*Goes quickly out back of stage*)

COLMAN. Mr. Burke!

BURKE. (*Who has "cleared" from the stage*) Yes, sir—(*Returns*) I thought I was in the way.

COLMAN. And Doctor Johnson—May I see you a moment—(*To PROMPTER*) Just wait a bit with the rehearsal.

(JOHNSON, BURKE, COLMAN *aside with paper*, MARY and MRS. FEATHERSTONE *together at other side*. CATHERINE and BOSWELL *come down c.*)

BOSWELL. That was a strong exhibition of spirit by Miss Mary——

CATHERINE. You Scotchman like your spirits that way I believe.

BOSWELL. And I'm sure *Doctor Johnson* admired it.

CATHERINE. I pity the woman that marries you, Bossy, if one ever does.

BOSWELL. Pity?

CATHERINE. Yes. She'll have Johnson for breakfast, dinner and supper.

BOSWELL. Why, no. I shouldn't invite him always.

CATHERINE. (*In despair at his density*) Oh, think of it—Johnson and calves head. (*Taps his forehead with her lorgnette*)

BOSWELL. Now what does that mean?

(CATHERINE *hums SCOTCH tune.*)

COLMAN. (*The conference about the paper is over*) Now, Mr. Craddock.

PROMPTER. (*Impatiently*) Clear everybody.

COLMAN. (*Going R. with JOHNSON*) I still think

it impossible, Doctor. The idea of mistaking a gentleman's house for an Inn.

JOHNSON. Sir, Dr. Goldsmith himself did it.

COLMAN. That rather strengthens my contention—and having done this, the heroine stoops to playing barmaid in order to win him. Would any young lady do that? Would you, Miss Horneck?

CATHERINE. Provided it did win him, yes.

MARY. Often women *must stoop* in order to conquer.

JOHNSON. (*Suddenly struck by the phrase*) There's the name for Goldy's play. (*Back to MARY I R.*) "*She stoops to Conquer.*"

COLMAN. I like the "*Mistakes of a Night*," better.

BURKE. (*Laughing*) That certainly expresses the *managerial* position.

COLMAN. It *does*. But that's another matter. I've nobody for the hero but Lewis.

JOHNSON. Who's Lewis?

COLMAN. The harlequin of the theatre.

MARY. Oh, how cruel!

BURKE. Harlequin? Well he's a tough acrobatic fellow, isn't he?

MARY. How can you?

PROMPTER. Clear, please. (*Calls*) Mr. Quirk, Mrs. Featherstone; we'll run through that scene of yours in the last act.

QUIRK. (*Reading* LUMPKIN. *With part*) "Never fear me"—and so forth!

PROMPTER. Yes. That speech is to *Hastings*, who goes off right. I'll stand for *Hastings*. (*Reads*) "*Rebuke*"—and so forth, and so forth—"care of the young man." (*Makes false exit. Continues to watch the text*)

QUIRK. (*As LUMPKIN*) Never fear me. Here she comes."

PROMPTER. (*Interrupting to explain*) It's a

dark landscape you know in "three" with a cut wood in *two* and *Mrs. Hardcastle* comes through the cut wood from *two*.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Waiting to rehearse the part of MRS. HARDCASTLE—and correcting LUMPKIN as he faces R.*) *Two left.*

LUMPKIN. (*Turning*) Oh—you come *left*.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Yes. (*She goes to the left wing*)

LUMPKIN. Just give me that cue again, please.

PROMPTER. (*Mumbling*) M-m-m-m-m "*care of the young one.*" (*PROMPTER goes off R.*)

LUMPKIN. Never fear me. (*Looks left*) Here she comes. Vanish—she's got from the pond and draggled up to the waist—like a mermaid—

(*Enter GARRICK and GOLDSMITH at back of the auditorium.*)

GARRICK. (*Walking down the aisle and thru the audience, followed by GOLDSMITH, as tho' coming from the box office in to an empty theater*) Oh, Mr. Prompter—just a moment—Mr. Goldsmith has consented to my assisting a little here. I hope Mr. Colman doesn't object—(*Shading his eyes and looking stage over from the auditorium. Pause*) Is Mr. Colman there?

PROMOTER. (*Leaning over foot lights*) He's gone out, sir.

GARRICK. Well, I'm sure he wouldn't mind—Just run that last speech for me again, will you?

(*MRS. FEATHERSTONE exit.*)

LUMPKIN. (*Inquiring*) "She's got from the pond and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid?"

GARRICK. Yes.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Entering. Catching the last three words*) *Like a mermaid*"—that's me.

GARRICK. (*Now standing by the leader and directing rehearsal*) One moment, Mrs. Featherstone.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Oh—going back?

GARRICK. One speech only—(*Exit MRS. FEATHERSTONE*) Now, son, (*To LUMPKIN whom he addresses very soothingly*) I know you're simply reading, but you go on to-morrow night, so you might as well study correctly—

LUMPKIN. (*Half embarrassed in presence of the great actor manager*) Why certainly, Mr. Garrick—very much obliged I'm sure—

GARRICK. (*Continuing his explanation*) The idea of mother in the horse pond; and draggled like a mermaid, is meant to be funny.

LUMPKIN. Yes, sir.

GARRICK. Perhaps it *isn't*. Maybe "our dear friends in front, et cetera" won't care for it; but this *boy thinks* it's funny.

LUMPKIN. Oh, yes—I suppose I *think* it's funny.

GARRICK. Well that's why I stopped you. Speak the line almost—not quite, you understand, but almost *inarticulately* through laughter.

LUMPKIN. (*Trying it*) And drag—drag—drag—gled up to the waist—

GARRICK. No, no—don't try "to write up the part" my boy—something like this—What are the words. (*To PROMPTER*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Nervously beside GARRICK*) Draggled up to the waist—like a mermaid.

GARRICK. (*Soberly*) Oh, yes—up to the waist—(*Then to Actor*) Mother and so forth and so forth—(*With murmur*) And draggled—up to the waist—like a mermaid. (*He laughs thru the speech with consummate skill*)

JOHNSON. (*Overborne by the naturalness of GARRICK*) Ha—ha! ha! (*Loud laugh*)

DRUMMOND. (*Following instructions*) Ha, ha—ha, ha—(*Still louder*)

GARRICK. (*To DRUMMOND*) Adam—Adam—not yet—not yet—

GOLDSMITH. (*Ignorant of the plan and resenting DRUMMOND'S bellow*) Get out of the house, sir—get out of the house.

GARRICK. No, no, Goldy, *I* fetched him—he's *all right* and he'll be out *here* to-morrow night. (*He indicates a seat in the parquet*)

GOLDSMITH. Oh, he will? Who is he?

GARRICK. (*Introducing DRUMMOND to GOLDSMITH*) Mr. Adam Drummond, Dr. Goldsmith; some of the "*popularity*" from Drury Lane.

DRUMMOND. (*Leaving his chair in I L.*) Pleased to meet you. (*They shake hands over the foot-lights*)

(GARRICK *climbs onto stage*. DRUMMOND *resumes his chair*.)

GOLDSMITH. (*To JOHNSON who is in box R.*) Sure I thought he was the carpenter.

GARRICK. (*On the stage and taking command in fine fashion*) Now let's go at this *in earnest*. (*Calls*) Props—Props—

PROPS. (*Coming on*) Well, sir.

GARRICK. (*To PROMPTER*) Let's have this table out of the way. (*GARRICK talks to MRS. FEATHERSTONE frantically*)

PROMPTER. Props.

(PROPS and PROMOTER *remove table*.)

LEADER. (*Who has been whispering to GOLDSMITH still in parquet*) I thought something of this kind. (*Runs few bars, tremolo*)

LUMPKIN. (*With trouble enough already*) That isn't for this scene, is it?

LEADER. No—no.

GOLDSMITH. (*Seeing that they are interfering. To LEADER*) Well we'll talk it over later.

GARRICK. (*Smartly*) Now again, please.

PROMPTER. (*Reading HASTINGS*) "Rebuke" etc. and so forth—"care of the young one." (*False exit*)

LUMPKIN. (*By MR. QUIRK*) Never fear me—Here she comes—Vanish! She's got from the pond——

GARRICK. (*Seeing PROMPTER whom LUMPKIN has indicated*) Are you off before he says Vanish?

PROMPTER. I'm simply standing for the part.

GARRICK. I know—but where is the exit *marked*?

PROMPTER. (*Reading*) "Care of the young one—*exit*."

GARRICK. Well put it after "*Vanish*"—Boy doesn't want to be saying Vanish to the woodwings.

LUMPKIN. (*Glad of an excuse*) That's what kind a "threw me"—nobody to play to.

GARRICK. (*Sympathetic*) Of course—(*Sharply*) Now again "*Rebuke* and so forth—(*To wing*) "*Care of the young one*."

LUMPKIN. Never fear me——

GARRICK. (*Encouragingly*) Lift it. Lift it.

LUMPKIN. (*Brightening*) Here she comes—Vanish—(*GARRICK exit*) She's got from the pond and (*Imitating GARRICK's manner*) dragged up to the waist *like a mermaid*, ha, ha—ha—ha—(*Pause*)

PROMPTER. (*Calls*) "Like a mermaid."

GARRICK. (*Impatiently repeats and inquires*) "*Like a mermaid*."

PROMPTER. (*Annoyed*) Mrs. Featherstone.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Who has been talking to JOHNSON*) Yes?

PROMPTER. (*In disgust*) "*Like a mermaid*."

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. "Like a mermaid," that's *me*. (*Enters I*)

PROMPTER. Enter in *two* please.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. I know but I thought you were going back. (*MRS. FEATHERSTONE retires*)

(PROMOTER *nods* to LUMPKIN.)

LUMPKIN. (*Laughing*) Up to the waist like a mermaid."

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*As* MRS. HARDCASTLE *enters*) "Oh, Tony, I'm killed—shook—battered to death—I shall never survive it. That last jolt has done my business."

LUMPKIN. Alack, Mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night without knowing one inch of the way."

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. "I wish we were at home again—I never met so many accidents in so short a journey." (*Speaks in sudden descent from the characterization*) I wanted to ask you, Doctor Goldsmith, about that line.

GOLDSMITH. Yes, Madame.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Squatting at foot-lights*) "So short a journey." But it isn't a *short* journey you know. In his next lines to me, my son says about forty miles from home.

GOLDSMITH. Well, it's short for so many accidents you see, and the lady goes on to describe them.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Dubiously*) Yes—short that way I suppose. (*Rises and returns*)

PROMPTER. (*Tired of excuses*) Go on please.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Remembering*) "Drenched in the mud—overturned in a ditch—stuck fast in a slough—jolted to a jelly and at last to lose our way; whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?"

LUMPKIN. "But my guess we should be upon Heavytreet Heath, about forty miles from home."

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. "Oh Lud—Oh Lud—The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't."

PROMPTER. (*Bringing the illusion to earth again*) Now there'll be a stump there that the old lady sinks on to.

GARRICK. Well, let's have it, Mr. Prompter.

PROMPTER. Props.

(PROPS *appears*.)

GARRICK. (*Smartly*) We want a stump here—you've got a stump in the property-room, haven't you?

PROPS. (*Spurred by GARRICK's manner*) Oh I think so! (*Dances a break*)

GARRICK. (*In cockney reproduction*) Well fetch it please. (*Dances like PROPS. Exit PROPS*)

(*All smile or laugh excepting JOHNSON and DRUMMOND who awaits his example.*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*Utilizing the interruption*) Now, Doctor Goldsmith, I wish you'd tell me how you want this done. You've been so busy with the other people I haven't had time to ask you.

GOLDSMITH. (*Going on to stage over the foot-lights*) Well, do it broadly—In fact *overdo* it a trifle.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. (*In great perplexity*) Oh—it's so out of my line. (*Turns to GARRICK*) You know Mr. Garrick—"Queen mothers" and that sort of thing; but these *nervous old women*; not my line at all. If *you'd* only give *me* some idea.

(LUMPKIN goes to PROMPTER.)

GARRICK. Why very simple. (*Takes part. Enter PROPS with stump*) Nowhere's the stump—(*Places it*) Your son is there—Oh—Oh—(*Looks at LUMPKIN, hesitates—turns to GOLDSMITH*) You know your own lines, Doctor.

GOLDSMITH. I do.

GARRICK. Then just run this "opposite part" with me—"forty miles from home."

GOLDSMITH. (*Assuming the part of LUMPKIN*)

"By my guess we should be upon Heavytrees Heath about forty miles from home."

(GARRICK *nods to LUMPKIN to observe GOLDSMITH'S treatment.*)

GARRICK. (*Assuming the old woman role and as MRS. HARDCASTLE, giving another example of his genius*) "Oh, Lud—Oh, Lud—the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't." (*Sinks to stumf*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Treating GARRICK as his mother*) "Don't be afraid, Mamma—don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are *hanged* and the other three may not find us."

GARRICK. (*Resuming the stage manager for the moment*) Wouldn't it help that to emphasize "may" other three *may not find us*."

GOLDSMITH. Seem strained, wouldn't it?

GARRICK. Well—(*Touching forehead*) pretty low out there—(*Points to the parquet*) got to hand it right to *them*—and sometimes they won't take it then.

GOLDSMITH. Well—you know your business—(*They resume their play of son and mother*) "other three *may not find us*. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us?"

(*Start and scream by GARRICK. JOHNSON laughs. DRUMMOND laughs. GARRICK stimulated by his hit continues the caricature until DRUMMOND, overcome, leaves the stage in a gale.*)

GARRICK. (*To others*) That ought to be a very good scene.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Oh—I *studied* it quite the *other way*. I'm so much obliged, so much obliged.

LUMPKIN. I see what you want and I'll be all right to-morrow morning at rehearsal.

GOLDSMITH. Good. (*He is in high spirits over the color GARRICK has infused*)

(*Enter PROPS with paper.*)

PROPS. See this, sir. (*Hands paper to GOLDSMITH*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Taking paper*) What is it.

PROPS. Just a pleasant little "turn over."

GOLDSMITH. (*Reading indifferently*) Why this will only re-act in my favor.

(*To others who have been talking aside, gradually realize that GOLDSMITH has the abusive attack.*)

BURKE. I say, Noll—I wouldn't read that.

GOLDSMITH. Why, bless you, Ned, I don't mind it. (*Sudden change of manner and cry—a turn toward MARY and an involuntary hiding of the paper*)

BURKE. (*Tenderly*) That's what we didn't want you to see, old fellow.

GOLDSMITH. (*Crushed*) Her name in this dirty sheet—has she seen it?

BURKE. No, and we won't let her.

GARRICK. (*Joining them*) Don't mind, Goldy—

GOLDSMITH. But to drag *her* name into it, David.

GARRICK. I know, but be careful. (*They lead GOLDY off R.*)

MARY. (*Advancing*) What was that? I saw a paper?

GARRICK. A personal attack on Doctor Goldsmith. (*Gives paper to JOHNSON*)

MARY. Is that the truth—was my family not mentioned?

BURKE. Why, Mary—it can't hurt you.

MARY. What was it?

GARRICK. (*To JOHNSON, who wavers*) Don't—don't show it.

MARY. There are other copies of the paper—How can you keep it *from* me?

JOHNSON. True! It is a vile and over written attack on this worthy gentleman (*Reads paper*) and the only allusion to yourself is in this line—"was but the lovely H—K"—presumably—Horneck—"as much enamored. You would not sigh, my gentle swain in vain." (KENRICK *enters unsuspecting*) Merely a coupling of Goldsmith's name with yours.

MARY. I *want* that paper.

JOHNSON. Why?

MARY. To keep it. (*Pause*)

BURKE. (*Dashed*) To keep it—

MARY. Yes, it is an *honour* I have not deserved.

(KENRICK *comes down.*)

KENRICK. Miss Horneck.

SEVERAL. Kenrick!

KENRICK. It is the wish of your mother, and Captain Horneck that you leave this place at once.

GOLDSMITH. (*Rushing from the side*) Did you write that? *Did you?*

KENRICK. What of it?

GOLDSMITH. Did you? Did you? (*Strikes him with his cane until seized by BURKE and GARRICK—but again breaks away*)

(KENRICK *draws his sword.*)

GARRICK. (*Taking sword from KENRICK*) You disgrace a sword, sir. (*Breaks it over his knee*) Go!!! (*He points to the door*)

(MARY *goes tenderly to GOLDSMITH who leans overcome on BURKE.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*A garret with the roof sloping down at back. Fireplace left 2. Window to small balcony left 1. Dormer window at back. Door 1 R. Thru the window is seen a London house-top backing. Furniture: Wash-stand with metal ewer and basin. Flower pots in window at back. Bed, R. U. corner. Small box of coals, table and two chairs center. Profusion of books and MSS. Fire in fireplace. Strong sunlight in window left.*

DISCOVERED:—GOLDSMITH, MRS. FEATHERSTONE, LITTLE MARY, and ANNIE.

GOLDSMITH. (*With mortar and pestle at work at table*) And you say the pains came back on mother?

LITTLE MARY. Yes, sir.

GOLDSMITH. Did she take all the medicine?

LITTLE MARY. I don't know, sir.

FEATHERSTONE. Why do you do this kind of work, Doctor—when you succeed so much better with your pen?

GOLDSMITH. Oh, I succeed very well at this, sir. I never in all me practice lost a single patient.

FEATHERSTONE. (*Astonished*) Well! Well!

GOLDSMITH. Except by death. (*MRS. FEATHERSTONE and FEATHERSTONE laugh*) Now, where's that bottle? (*Gets wine bottle, pours into vial*)

FEATHERSTONE. What's that?

GOLDSMITH. Sure you don't have to ask that, smell it. (*Puts bottle under FEATHERSTONE'S nose, pours again*) And it's the last; but the poor woman thinks she wants physic, when I know it's *this* she nades.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. But what was that stuff you ground up there?

GOLDSMITH. Some pepper and a bit of carroway seed to make it professional. (*Aside with ANNIE*) Here, my dear, take this to mother and tell her it doesn't look so red as the first lot because it's not quite as strong but it'll taste just as bad.

LITTLE MARY. Mother says she'll pay you as soon as she gets the money.

GOLDSMITH. Faith no one could do more. Wait a minute, my love, I'll go with you.

FEATHERSTONE. (*At window left*) It's an inspiring view from here, Doctor.

GOLDSMITH. The most inspiring to a man of my nature. That window, looks fair upon Fleet Street prison and by cranin' your neck from this one in the dormer you can just get a peep of Covent Garden to the left. (*Back to table*)

FEATHERSTONE. (*Laughing*) You pays your money and you takes your choice.

GOLDSMITH. Faith if you don't pay your money it's no choice at all—but off there to the Fleet—(*They laugh*)

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Well, it's no choice with me, either, for I must off to rehearsal.

GOLDSMITH. A new play so soon? (*Front of table*)

FEATHERSTONE. Yes. They don't need it of course. Your play will run two weeks easily, but Colman's out of town and his assistant must be *prepared* with a new play. So they are rehearsing something of Kelly's.

GOLDSMITH. Colman out of town? (*Sits on table*)

FEATHERSTONE. Yes—*laughed out*—(*All laugh*) He's the butt of the town since "*She stoops to Conquer*" so completely reversed his prediction.

GOLDSMITH. "*She Stoops to Conquer*"—what a good name for it. I tell you Sam Johnson's a wonderful man.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Why, he didn't name it.

GOLDSMITH. I thought he did.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. No. He seized upon the expression when he heard it—but it was Mary Horneck who spoke it.

GOLDSMITH. Mary! (*Rises*)—and to think she's to be wasted on that blackguard Kenrick.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. It's your fault, Doctor. She thinks more of your little finger than of all the Kenricks in the world.

GOLDSMITH. No—no—why I'm fourteen or fifteen years older than she is.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. What of that? Look at William. He's twelve years older than me. Why that simply makes a woman feel safe. (*GOLDSMITH laughs. MRS. FEATHERSTONE joins laugh*)

WILLIAM. (*Less appreciative of the humor*) See here, Sarah—

GOLDSMITH. But what of William? Where's *his* peace of mind?

FEATHERSTONE. Yes; tied up at Blackheath and she is here at rehearsals.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. Nonsense. He always moves into town when I'm in the bill—but I must be going. (*Pause. Notices FEATHERSTONE is crosspatch, goes to him and pats his cheek*) Why, crosspatch, goes to him and pats his cheek) Why, wasn't for the little excitement we get out of my being in the theatre. Kiss me.

(*FEATHERSTONE pouts.*)

GOLDSMITH. Hang it, man, kiss her or *I will*.

FEATHERSTONE. (*Mock indignation*) You will? (*Kisses MRS. FEATHERSTONE*)

GOLDSMITH. Yes—and maybe I will anyway. (*MRS. FEATHERSTONE runs laughing to door*) You're forgetting your basket.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. I was trying to forget it. There's a pair of grouse in it.

GOLDSMITH. How fortunate! I'm *writing* about grouse.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE. These are trussed and done nicely brown—with the compliments of "*Mr. Hardcastle*." William will never get over being put in a play. Now, good morning and take better care of yourself. You must come and visit us at Blackheath. I'll send William for you the first week I'm out of the bill.

GOLDSMITH. Thank you. (*Exit MRS. FEATHERSTONE. GOLDSMITH looks into basket*) When a good woman has no children she adopts a dog or a poet—or something. D'ye mind if I don't eat *both* of these?

FEATHERSTONE. Of course not.

GOLDSMITH. (*Taking one of the grouse and wrapping it*) Mary, take this to mother and tell her to take a few bites every hour.

LITTLE MARY. Shall I bring back the napkin?

GOLDSMITH. Yes; I was forgettin' that.

(*Exit LITTLE MARY.*)

FEATHERSTONE. Now, get your hat and coat and let's go to Tom Davies.

GOLDSMITH. My, but I've a world of work to do here. (*Looks about at the disordered books*)

FEATHERSTONE. But your mind won't be on it if you know the wits are at the coffee house discussing your success.

GOLDSMITH. True; and the fog's entirely gone, isn't it?

FEATHERSTONE. Entirely. The Strand is like the south of France.

GOLDSMITH. (*Getting his hat and coat*) For me doctor told me not to go out in the damp.

FEATHERSTONE. Come.

(*Enter* JOHNSON and LITTLE MARY; *she carries the napkin.*)

GOLDSMITH. Why, Doctor Johnson! You find it a hard climb?

LITTLE MARY. I showed him the way.

JOHNSON. (*puffing*) What is a man of your genius doing in quarters like these?

GOLDSMITH. Retrenchment.

FEATHERSTONE. But you're getting a good sum for your play, aren't you—great success?

GOLDSMITH. Three hundred pounds and that was gone long before I got it. Faith, I never made sixpence in me life, that didn't get me a shilling in debt.

(*Enter* LANDLADY.)

LANDLADY. (*Angrily*) Well, Doctor Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH. Mrs. Higgins.

LANDLADY. People say your play's a great success—and you know what you promised me if it was——

GOLDSMITH. Won't you have a chair?

LANDLADY. I'll have all of them, sir, if my rent isn't paid.

JOHNSON. (*Rising and slapping table*) Quiet woman—(*The LANDLADY recoils before the explosion*) don't you see that Doctor Goldsmith has callers? What a hussy you must be to choose a time like this for your importunity. Don't you know that his occupancy of your garret is the only fact that lends any distinction to your rat trap?

LANDLADY. Rat trap yourself—why don't he work instead of wastin' hour after hour on them flower pots and everything; with that child and——

GOLDSMITH. (*Smiling at LITTLE MARY*) Aye—and wasted in the same way.

LANDLADY. Why don't that young one go home?

GOLDSMITH. Not at all—not at all. Mrs. Higgins, to be sure I can't pay the rent but I may share me poverty.

LANDLADY. Well, you won't share it long. *Rat trap!* Pockmarked old butcher. (*Exit*)

(FEATHERSTONE *turns laughing to window L.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To LITTLE MARY*) Miss Mary, I regret that this awkward contretemps should have been contemporaneous with your call upon me.

LITTLE MARY. Mother sent back this napkin, and oh—she's ever so much obliged for the grouse.

GOLDSMITH. She is entirely welcome.

JOHNSON. Grouse—what grouse?

FEATHERSTONE. Sarah brought in a brace from a bag I made last week.

JOHNSON. (*At basket*) Is this one of them?

FEATHERSTONE. Yes.

(GOLDSMITH *walks anxiously around at back watching JOHNSON'S interest in the grouse.*)

JOHNSON. 'M!

GOLDSMITH. I thought it would make a dainty morsel at Tom Davies.

JOHNSON. It will. But two would have been better. (*Puts basket aside*) Here, sir, are four books from Griffith's; bound in tree calf, and turned, with gilt edges. The *binding alone* is worth two guineas the volume. Griffith tells me the subscription to the press was two guineas more.

GOLDSMITH. Well, sir, what of the matter? You don't think to put us out of countenance by the cost of the dress?

JOHNSON. Sir, Griffith wants them reviewed for his forthcoming issue; but he is much distressed

over the slovenly treatment you have given some books entrusted to your care.

GOLDSMITH. Fie on him! The merest proof sheets—no such nobility as these.

JOHNSON. I am his security for these. I promised him you'd do the work in a week. I know you don't like the labor but the remuneration is sure.

GOLDSMITH. I thank you.

JOHNSON. (*Rising*) And, sir, a week is no time too much for the proper performance of the task. (*Takes basket*) One grouse! (*To GOLDSMITH*) Don't you know, sir, that a *neck of mutton* would have been just as good for your—*mendicants*?

GOLDSMITH. I do, but I was just out of necks o' mutton.

JOHNSON. (*To FEATHERSTONE*) Come, let us go to Tom Davies.

GOLDSMITH. Yes. (*Gathers his coat and hat*)

JOHNSON. Not you, sir! I spoke to Mr. Featherstone.

GOLDSMITH. But you don't intend to *lave me*?

JOHNSON. Sir, I rebuked that intruding female because her conduct deserved rebuke—but her contention was not entirely without merit. You do waste your time, Doctor Goldsmith; not only on these children or your flower pots but upon idle listeners at the coffee house, and club; and sir I decline to be one to your misleading—come. (*Exit*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To FEATHERSTONE*) I'd like the next ones with feathers on 'em.

(*FEATHERSTONE goes out suppressing laughter.*)

LITTLE MARY. Is he your father?

GOLDSMITH. My dear, he isn't even a brother. "Wastin' time"—wastin' time. (*To flowers*) Whin I've even forgot ye the entire day. (*Sprinkles flowers*)

LITTLE MARY. You said you'd play the flute for me.

GOLDSMITH. So I did.

MARY. Well, why don't you? (*Banging the table*)

GOLDSMITH. I will—I will.

LITTLE MARY. Of course you will.

GOLDSMITH. (*Getting flute*) Faith, she's as exigent as royalty, before her petticoats come to her knees. (*Sees paper*) See here, you baby Mary, oh, the sweetness o' that name. Here's something I wrote before I began wastin' time on those distinguished gentlemen from Parnassus—Listen——(*Reads*)

The wretch condemned from life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light
Illumines and cheers our way;
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray. (*Speaks*)

Now, how do you like that?

LITTLE MARY. (*Tentatively*) Why, I think that's pretty. But—what does it mean?

GOLDSMITH. The world shall ask that question and I won't tell 'em. It means, I love a little girl named Mary. (*Plays a Flute. Loud knocking interrupts*) Come in! (*Enter CAPTAIN HORNECK and KENRICK angrily, and wearing swords*) Captain Horneck. (*Goes toward mantel*)

CAPTAIN. Where, sir, is my sister?

GOLDSMITH. Mary?

KENRICK. (*Advancing*) Yes, sir, Mary.

GOLDSMITH. (*Confronting him*) Don't you talk to me—Don't you.

CAPTAIN. Where is she?

GOLDSMITH. I haven't seen her, sir, since the first night of the play.

KENRICK. You lie!

GOLDSMITH. (*Looking about and getting candlestick from mantel*) Oh, do I?

(LITTLE MARY runs off.)

CAPTAIN. (*Interposing and addressing GOLDSMITH*) That business later. My sisters left home an hour ago after a distressing scene with my mother in which Mary declared that she was *your* wife.

GOLDSMITH. My wife—Mary?

CAPTAIN. Yes, sir—Mary.

GOLDSMITH. Never in the world—she never said anything of the kind.

(Enter BURKE.)

KENRICK. (*To CAPTAIN*) I told you he'd lie about it. Let me get at him—I'm not afraid of his candlestick.

GOLDSMITH. (*Hopping about*) Gad! I'll have two o' thim. (*Gets second candlestick*)

BURKE. (*Interposing*) What's the mattter, Noll? Has Davy Garrick been here?

GOLDSMITH. He has not. Take one of me candleabra here.

CAPTAIN. Doctor Goldsmith who has been admitted to our house, as a friend, and who acted as my mother's and sister's escort to the Continent, has betrayed the trust reposed in him and clandestinely married my sister Mary.

BURKE. (*Shocked at first and then loyal to GOLDSMITH*) Noll!—(*Crosses to GOLDSMITH C., shakes his hand. Turns upon CAPTAIN*) Well, sir, and who are you that a connection with a man who has written the best *poem*, the best *novel* and the best *play* of his generation is not an honor; to say nothing of his bein' one o' the best fellows? (*To GOLDSMITH*) Though, hang it, Noll, it's bettin' on a sure thing when we play at rivals, and you already married to the girl.

GOLDSMITH. You too, Ned? I tell you that we're not married.

CAPTAIN. My sister says they were married in France and Catherine says so too.

GOLDSMITH. (*More angrily*) Hang it all, I confess I'm a man easily deceived but I'm damned if I wouldn't know it if I was married—wouldn't I?

BURKE. Well *I* should. And you give me your word?

GOLDSMITH. I do.

BURKE. (*Magnificently to CAPTAIN and KENRICK*) Then we'll have no more talk about it at all, at all.

KENRICK. My sentiments exactly. We've had far *too much* talk. (*Turns to GOLDSMITH*) Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Burke will act as your *friend*—I've seen you *wear* a sword at times for *dress parade*—will you get it *now* and follow us?

GOLDSMITH. I will. (*To BURKE*) Have you a guinea, Ned? The sword's in pawn for that amount.

BURKE. Divil a guinea, but I've a friend in the Temple will lend us two swords.

GOLDSMITH. (*Getting hat*) Good!

(*Enter LANDLADY, TWITCH and FLANAGAN.*

TWITCH is GARRICK disguised as a Dogberry type of bailiff. The make up is so perfect that the audience do not suspect GARRICK until he discloses himself.)

LANDLADY. That's him.

TWITCH. Doctor O'Goldsmith? (*The voice is the kind known in England as "gin and fog"*)

GOLDSMITH. Oliver Goldsmith.

TWITCH. (*Correcting paper*) Oh!

FLANAGAN. (*In high thin Irish brogue*) I told you there were no O'Goldsmiths—sure Goldsmith's a Jew name.

(TWITCH *attends every word of FLANAGAN'S with bovine admiration and respect.*)

GOLDSMITH. What can I do for you?

TWITCH. You can pay me this woman's reckoning o' three guineas or I seizes your person and household effects.

KENRICK. Well—gentlemen—we await your pleasure.

GOLDSMITH. We're with you.

TWITCH. Don't forget *me*, sir.

GOLDSMITH. Take the stuff and welcome. (*Starts and is stopped again*) Would you kape me here whin there's a matter of *honor*?

TWITCH. It's a matter of *business* with me. I hold yer person and yer household effects.

(KENRICK *and* CAPTAIN *laugh.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To* KENRICK) You'll not take advantage of this predicament, will ye, after callin' me all kinds of a liar? If you're a man lind me three guineas to discharge this bailiff and I'll pay ye as soon as I've run ye through.

KENRICK. As you are going to the sponging house I trust you'll tell us where to find Mrs. Goldsmith to extend her relief.

GOLDSMITH. You'll find *Mister* Goldsmith about half a sword's length from your dirty face before the morning's over.

CAPTAIN. Any messenger may find *us* at Tom Davies. (*Exit*)

(KENRICK *laughs and follows.*)

BURKE. See here, officer. I'm a barrister—Burke's me name.

TWITCH. (*Growling hoarsely*) I don't care for no barrister. There's my papers.

(*Enter* BIFF, a tailor's boy, with a bundle.)

BIFF. Dr. Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH. (*To BURKE*) I can lick this one without a sword. Yes, sir, I'm Goldsmith.

BIFF. Here.

GOLDSMITH. What is it?

BIFF. Your coats from Mr. Filby.

GOLDSMITH. Well, as I can't pay for them, you'd better take them back to Mr. Filby and say——

TWITCH. (*Laying heavy hand on the parcel*) No, sir; bein' in your *possession* I seizes 'em. (*To BIFF*) Your master'll have to proceed by constable and replevin.

BIFF. (*To GOLDSMITH*) I give 'em to you, didn't I?

GOLDSMITH. You did; with a princely generosity.

BIFF. Well, that's what Mr. Filby told me. (*Exit*)

(*TWITCH opens the bundle disclosing two coats.*)

BURKE. Blue velvet, Noll.

GOLDSMITH. And bloom colored satin.

BURKE. (*Incredulous*) And you're not married?

(*GOLDSMITH is too angry to speak.*)

FLANAGAN. (*To TWITCH and picking up a chair*) Shall I move out me stuff?

BURKE. Officer. All trades must live, and yours is a necessary one. My friend and I must have a word together. (*Hands shilling*)

TWITCH. (*Walking over and examining balcony*) I hope your honor takes nothing amiss as I does; as I does nothing but my duty. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman as *was* a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw a gentleman *was* a gentleman I've arranged not to see him for ten weeks together. Don't you know me, Ned? (*Aside*)

(*TWITCH discloses himself as GARRICK.*)

BURKE. No—why, yes.

TWITCH. Sh——

BURKE. Davey Garrick!

TWITCH. (*Indicating FLANAGAN*) The Property Boy from the theatre.

BURKE. What the devil's it all mean?

TWITCH. They can't run a sword thro' a gentleman when he's in the hands of the law, can they? *He can't fight. I'm the law. (Aloud and resuming character)* Under the circumstances just outside—

LANDLADY. (*Objecting to the apparent bribe and the diminution of official pressure*) But see here—

BURKE. (*Represssing laughter*) Please take your client with you.

TWITCH. Purceedin' is perfectly regular. (*Takes LANDLADY'S arm*)

FLANAGAN. Come on. (*Takes the other arm*)

LANDLADY. (*Going*) Well, see here——

(*Exit FLANAGAN.*)

TWITCH. Perfectly regular. (*Puts her out and follows*)

BURKE. (*Aside*) I don't understand it at all. (*Standing R. of table, leaning on it and facing GOLDSMITH*) Oliver Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH. (*Some business left of table*) Edmund Burke.

BURKE. Man to man.

GOLDSMITH. Man to man.

BURKE. Ye're not married?

GOLDSMITH. I'm not married. Do I look like a liar?

BURKE. Not now. (*Pause*) But you did whin those two blackguards were baitin' you.

GOLDSMITH. Married to Mary; with these legs, and this bald head o' mine?

BURKE. That's what I was thinkin' meself; but she brought *me* up with a round turn, I tell you.

GOLDSMITH. Whin was this?

BURKE. That day at rehearsal.

GOLDSMITH. You were makin' fun o' me *legs*, Mr. Burke.

BURKE. No, but *thinkin'* of 'em—and Mary countin' out on her fingers the men that love you, Noll.

GOLDSMITH. On one hand.

BURKE. On three fingers—and says I “Yes, but none of 'em's women”—and she turned on me like the wife of Ulysses scolding the boarders and says she “But I'm a woman and put that in your pipe and smoke it.”

GOLDSMITH. Why, *you're* the man of all the world for *her*, Ned.

BURKE. 'Tis you she loves.

GOLDSMITH. Well, at *times* I've thought she did.

BURKE. Then why don't you *marry* her?

GOLDSMITH. Why, Ned, the doctor gives me—a year—one year——

BURKE. Drat the doctor—where does he get a year to give *anybody*? Luck's with you now and you may live a thousand. Why the touch o' her hand'd be like the fountain of youth.

GOLDSMITH. (*Shaking head*) No, no, me father was about me same age when *he* died. I wouldn't do it. (*To fireplace*) If she walked in this minute I'd tell her I never loved her; though to think she cared for me makes rainbows in me eyes whin I wink 'em.

BURKE. Why, Noll, it's something, as times go now, to be the *widow* of a chap like you.

GOLDSMITH. D'ye mane it's *that* she wants?

BURKE. *That's* better than Kenrick.

GOLDSMITH. Do you think she's really promised to him?

BURKE. I don't know. (*Down R.*) There's been some devil's own work in the Horneck family. The old lady sent for me early yesterday morning.

GOLDSMITH. The mother?

BURKE. (*Nodding*) The mother, and says she—(*Pause*) But 'twas as a barrister she asked me advice; and I've no right to talk at all.

GOLDSMITH. Whin ye nade consulting counsel? Couldn't you?

BURKE. (*Relieved*) That'll do. (GOLDSMITH *sits*) Well—This cut-throat Kenrick's blackmailin' the family. The Horneck's dead father was trustee for some estate; and he died with his books in a muddle.

GOLDSMITH. Go on——

BURKE. Well, this fellow Kenrick's bought up for a song, half a dozen claims against 'em, and threatens suit. The old lady sees her cottage, and her son's commission in the guards, and the reputation o' the dead man, and the future o' both the girls, in her mind's eye, goin' over the cataract.

GOLDSMITH. (*Densely*) Has she a cataract?

BURKE. (*Angrily*) 'Twas a figure of speech—like your damned rainbows whin yer winkin' (*Goes right*)

GOLDSMITH. Go on.

BURKE. There's a sayin' that a man who's his own lawyer has a fool for a client—I think he has a knave just as often. This fellow's engaged no lawyer at all. Now I want to look up the Court records before I do anything else meself.

GOLDSMITH. That's best.

BURKE. But *that* takes money—I came to you, a successful playwright to get it. The tip I gave that officer was me last shilling.

GOLDSMITH. (*Consoling*) Sure that's what shillin's are for.

BURKE. But what's to be *done*? I should be knee-deep now in parchments across the street. (*Crosses to window*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Rises front of table*) And I've got to fight that blackguard before dinner.

BURKE. Not sixpence between us.

GOLDSMITH. Garrick wants a play now I'm a success; and I've written to 'em for sixty pounds. (BURKE *shakes his head*) Too much, eh? That's what I feared. Well—here's four books—hand tooled and gilt edges. They're worth sixteen guineas.

BURKE. Where did you get 'em?

GOLDSMITH. Doctor Johnson brought them here for me to review. Take 'em to Tom Davies; and tell him I want five guineas till this day week—borrow those swords you say you can get from your friend. Put them, two here; and three in here. (*Dramatizes putting two and three guineas in BURKE'S respective vest pockets*) Three to my landlady and two to you. (*Pushes him*)

(*Enter TWITCH and FLANAGAN.*)

TWITCH. There's a carriage downstairs; with a gentleman and two ladies in it——

BURKE. Well?

TWITCH. To see Dr. Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH. Who are they?

TWITCH. One of 'em give my man Flanagan a card. (*Indicates FLANAGAN in great pride*)

BURKE. Let's have the card.

TWITCH. (*Pause and Dogberry exposition*) If yer honors only knew that little bit of flesh as I do—Rabbit me, but he'd *die* first—before he give up that card; unless I told him to. (*Pause and display*) Flanagan, give up the card.

(FLANAGAN obeys.)

BURKE. (*Takes card. Reading*) Boswell. (*Goes to balcony and looks down*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To TWITCH*) And two ladies you said?

(TWITCH *heavily defers to FLANAGAN and nods for him to reply.*)

FLANAGAN. Two ladies; *and* a coachman; *and* a footman; *and* a carriage; *and* two horses.

TWITCH. (*Bursting with admiration*) Little Flanagan! Rabbit me! but he's a *weasel*.

BURKE. (*Returning*) Boswell's on the pavement—I can't see the ladies—the carriage is covered.

GOLDSMITH. Did he see *you*?

FLANAGAN. He gi' me the card with both his two eyes on me——

BURKE. Did you tell him why you were here?

FLANAGAN. He axed for Doctor Goldsmith.

BURKE. Yes—yes——

FLANAGAN. And I says, says I—I'm his man, sir. (*Looks to TWITCH for further orders*)

BURKE. His *man*?

TWITCH. (*Pause and smile*) That's Flanagan—when he sees a gentleman *is* a gentleman——

FLANAGAN. And an *Irish* gentleman——

TWITCH. Why, he's a *good 'un*.

GOLDSMITH. Well, go down again, Mr. Flanagan; and say to Mr. Boswell that Doctor Goldsmith is very busy and that unless his business is very important, that Doctor Goldsmith will see Mr. Boswell at his club.

FLANAGAN. (*To TWITCH*) Shall I tell him that?

TWITCH. (*Exasperating pause and smile*) Die first! Yes, Flanagan tell him *that*?

GOLDSMITH. And whisper to him that Doctor Goldsmith's in no condition to see ladies.

(FLANAGAN *looks at TWITCH*—TWITCH *nods*,
FLANAGAN *goes*.)

TWITCH. (*Indicating the door where FLANAGAN went*) Die first. (*Goes up*)

BURKE. He may insist; and I don't care to meet him.

GOLDSMITH. (*Taking BURKE and the books to the door*) At the last landing the stairs divide. Go through the courtyard and out the back way; and Ned, get a bottle of Madeira. There's sixpence on the empty bottle. (*Hands BURKE the bottle from table. BURKE exit. GOLDSMITH removes coat and begins to put on the bloom coat*) And now, Mister—Mister—I forgot your name.

TWITCH. How can you forget what you never knew?

GOLDSMITH. True. May I ask your name?

TWITCH. You may.

GOLDSMITH. (*Tidying room*) Then pray, sir, what is your name?

TWITCH. I didn't promise to tell you that. Ha, ha! A joke breaks no bones as we say amongst us as practices the law. Ha, ha.

(*Enter FLANAGAN.*)

FLANAGAN. A note from one of the ladies.

GOLDSMITH. For me?

(*FLANAGAN gives note to TWITCH.*)

TWITCH. Die first. (*Takes note, reads*) "Doctor Goldsmith"—(*Passes note*)

GOLDSMITH. From Mary—(*Reads*) "I must see you. Mary Horneck." (*Speaks*) In quarters like this. (*Reads*) "I must see you" and I'm keeping her waiting. Go down, please, Mr. Flanagan, and show the ladies up.

FLANAGAN. (*To TWITCH*) Shall I?

TWITCH. (*Pause and smiling nods toward FLANAGAN*) Yes, Flanagan, show 'em up.

(*Exit FLANAGAN.*)

GOLDSMITH. I trust, sir, you have no reason for keeping your name a secret.

TWITCH. The law does nothing without reason. But I'm ashamed to tell no man my name. It's Twitch, sir—Timothy Twitch.

GOLDSMITH. Do you mind, sir, if I introduce you as a friend of mine?

TWITCH. Not at all, sir, when there's a lady in the case. If you think I look like a friend of yours. I'm not over well in clothes. Smoke the pocket holes.

GOLDSMITH. Perhaps *this* coat would fit you.

TWITCH. (*Regarding the renovated coat*) Perhaps it would; but it's a color I'd never choose for myself.

GOLDSMITH. Try it on.

TWITCH. (*TWITCH removes his coat and is helped into the new one*) Only to oblige you.

GOLDSMITH. Fairly well; and the color's as pretty a contrast as I ever saw.

TWITCH. People say us bailiffs have no humanity—but I shows you my humanity this minute. Rabbit me, but I'd hate to be found dead in this.

GOLDSMITH. I trust you'll say as little as possible, Mr. Twitch, and nothing at all without I ask you.

TWITCH. Never fear me, sir.

(*Enter FLANAGAN followed by MARY, CATHERINE and BOSWELL.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Kissing her hand*) My dear Miss Mary.

MARY. (*Anxiously*) Has my brother been here?

GOLDSMITH. He has.

MARY. Oh—(*Handkerchief to face and crosses to balcony*)

CATHERINE. Was Mr. *Garrick* here?

TWITCH. Yes, mum.

GOLDSMITH. He was not.

TWITCH. Who *was* that gentleman then?

GOLDSMITH. Mr Burke.

TWITCH. (*To FLANAGAN*) Mr. Garrick *wasn't* here.

CATHERINE. We surprised you, didn't we?

GOLDSMITH. (*Looking after MARY*) 'Tis a way you have. (C.)

CATHERINE. (L. C.) We didn't know where you lived. Mr. Boswell was good enough to bring us.

GOLDSMITH. Thank you, Mr. Boswell.

BOSWELL. (*Crosses up*) You're kind of a high liver, Doctor.

(*TWITCH and FLANAGAN laugh. CATHERINE goes in front of table.*)

GOLDSMITH. (*To TWITCH*) Be still, sir, be still. (*To BOSWELL and CATHERINE*) I haven't had him in my service before this week.

TWITCH. Introduce me.

GOLDSMITH. Permit me to introduce a friend, Mr. Twitch.

TWITCH. (*Bowing*) In his majesty's service.

BOSWELL. Oh, the marine, I presume.

GOLDSMITH. Well, they do occasionally serve in the fleet. (*Goes to MARY who keeps her back to him and looks over the balcony*)

CATHERINE. Now, we're very much obliged to you, Bossy, for *fetching* us; but we can go *back* alone.

BOSWELL. Can't I wait for you?

CATHERINE. No.

BOSWELL. I want to talk to you, little one.

CATHERINE. Nonsense—you talked all the way here.

BOSWELL. But not alone, as I would like to.

(Pause) You don't think me serious, do you, Catherine?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes, I do. That's what's the matter with you—you're too serious. (*Turns and meets TWITCH*)

TWITCH. Catherine——

CATHERINE. How dare you?

TWITCH. My sweetheart—Sh—"there's something in your eyes, little girl that sinks into my soul and seems part of myself——"

CATHERINE. (*Recognizing GARRICK*) Davey!

TWITCH. Oh—(*GOLDSMITH is recalled by TWITCH'S voice. In his bailiff voice. To CATHERINE*) Pleasant weather we're having—very pleasant weather for this time of year.

CATHERINE. Very pleasant indeed.

FLANAGAN. (*Declaring himself "in"*) Very good circuit weather; in the country.

GOLDSMITH. Why, we haven't chairs enough, Flanagan, go to Mrs.—the next flight below and borrow a couple of chairs.

BOSWELL. Why, we gentlemen can stand.

GOLDSMITH. Not at all—I'll go with you.

TWITCH. And I'll go too. One minute—(*Arrests GOLDSMITH*) Before and behind; that's the rule, Flanagan. (*To GOLDSMITH*) After you, sir. (*Exeunt FLANAGAN, GOLDSMITH, TWITCH*)

(*BOSWELL laughs.*)

MARY. What an odd looking friend.

CATHERINE. And what a peculiar servant.

BOSWELL. They're neither friend nor servant; or I'm mistaken. They're officers.

CATHERINE. Officers?

BOSWELL. Yes—sheriff's officers—the Doctor's under arrest.

MARY. (*Entering from balcony*) Arrest—for what, think you?

BOSWELL. Debt.

CATHERINE. Debt?

BOSWELL. No doubt of it.

MARY. Oh, how cruel—Lend me your purse, sister.

CATHERINE. But, will he *take* it?

MARY. I shall offer it. *You* take it, Mr. Boswell, and find some way to give it secretly to these men and send them away.

BOSWELL. (*Demurring*) But my own purse, Miss Mary—

MARY. You may need both.

(*Enter GOLDSMITH, FLANAGAN and TWITCH. First two have a chair each.*)

GOLDSMITH. Here are chairs for all. The simplicity of me lodging is unused to such sudden popularity.

CATHERINE. The simplicity is all right—but where's your housemaid—Just look at that cobweb?

GOLDSMITH. (*Catching the broom she picks up*) For goodness sake, "Little Comedy"—I've been watching the habits of that spider for a six months—(Laughs) I'm writing a history of animated nature—that's why I'm up here. The swallows build about me windows—the mice creep over me counterpane—that spider's worth sixpence a page to me. See what I've written. (*Reads*) "There is a singular law governing a spider in the construction of his web."

TWITCH. No, sir. (*All look startled*)

GOLDSMITH. I beg your pardon.

TWITCH. They ain't no law about spiders. When it comes down to talkin' about the law, why I'm at 'ome. Now in a course of law——

MARY. (*Interrupting*) I'm afraid I haven't time to acquire the law. Doctor Goldsmith, I'm on a very important errand; and if your friends will excuse us——

GOLDSMITH. (*Pleading to TWITCH*) To be sure. You heard the lady's request, sir—and our stand.

TWITCH. (*Moving toward door*) Oh, I won't go away—and as for Flanagan—(*Pause and smile*) Die first! Madame (*To MARY*) you're a gentlewoman. I challenge the whole town to show a man in a genteeler pactice than myself—and I can tell a gentlewoman as far as I sees her. Flanagan——

(*FLANAGAN obeys and stands at the door.*)

BOSWELL. I think I'll go too—Good mornin', ladies—Doctor——

GOLDSMITH. Your servant, sir.

BOSWELL. Mister—Mister——

TWITCH. Twitch, sir.

BOSWELL. (*Bowing*) Mr. Twitcher.

FLANAGAN. Not at all. Twitch is his name—Timothy Twitch. (*Exit FLANAGAN*)

BOSWELL. (*Holding up purse*) Oh—after you, sir.

TWITCH. Before and be—oh! (*To GOLDSMITH*) Just oustide. (*Exit*)

(*BOSWELL follows laughing.*)

CATHERINE. (*Quickly explaining*) It's all my fault, Doctor.

GOLDSMITH. What is?

CATHERINE. The fib.

GOLDSMITH. About me and——

CATHERINE. And Mary—being married.

MARY. You didn't think *I* ever said that?

GOLDSMITH. Well, I don't know. I'm so happy with you girls here; and the sunshine a-streamin' in there at the window, that I need only a few pans and kettles to make me wish I was married to *both* o' ye.

CATHERINE. But the mischief's done.

GOLDSMITH. Mischief?

CATHERINE. And we've got to stand by it, for a few days.

GOLDSMITH. What's that?

MARY. (*Reprovingly*) I *told* you, Catherine.

GOLDSMITH. But not here. There's no room for *three* of us. (CATHERINE *laughs*—MARY *goes to window annoyed*)

MARY. Catherine!

GOLDSMITH. But I'll get out meself. (*Girls turn away*) Plague take it, I say nothing that's right. Come, tell me please. If I'm married at all tell me whin it all happened.

MARY. I know you don't think I'm so unmaidenly, Doctor Goldsmith, as to have been the author of that statement.

CATHERINE. (*Haughtily*) Oh, *I'm* the unmaidenly one, am I?

MARY. (*Severely*) Well, are you *not*?

CATHERINE. It's not *unwomanly* anyway. If it is unmaidenly, so there, and if you wouldn't have done as much for me, you're no sister of mine. (*Goes to MARY; dumb show exchange*)

GOLDSMITH. My! My! But two girls a-squibbling takes me back to me boyhood. If one of 'em'd only shake her fist at me, I'd feel *married*; I'd *feel* married I know.

MARY. I don't know why we are here now.

CATHERINE. We hoped to reach you, Doctor, before my brother did—that's the reason—we wanted you——

MARY. Say *you* wanted it, Catherine.

CATHERINE. Well, *I* wanted you not to deny that you and Mary were married.

MARY. Oh! (*Goes out onto balcony*)

GOLDSMITH. If I did appearances'd be against me now. (*Looks yearningly after MARY*) We're as far apart as a couple that have been together for life. (*Pause, turns to CATHERINE*) Well then we're married. Now, what's the joke?

CATHERINE. My mother, and brother Charles have been trying every way in their power, to make Mary marry Mr. Kenrick.

GOLDSMITH. (*In disgust*) Ah——

CATHERINE. I know Mary better than anybody; and all her life I've had to take care of her. They wouldn't take "no" for an answer. She said her *heart was not free*; but bless you that made no difference to them; and then there came last night—(*Holds up her hands*) I don't suppose you know, Doctor, how miserable—the members of a little family who love one another, can make themselves, trying to regulate each other's affairs.

GOLDSMITH. Oh, don't I? There were eight of us——

CATHERINE. (*With some pages of print*) Well, to make a long story short, this man Kenrick at last produced this. Do you know what those are?

GOLDSMITH. The bane of my existence—galley proof-sheets. (*He goes to MARY*)

MARY. Mr. Kenrick says it's an article ready for Griffith's Review.

GOLDSMITH. (*Scanning the type*) The name of your father.

MARY. Yes—a vile slander and Griffiths is to *print* it. Kenrick said he could stop it, if he might

say to the publisher, that one of the young ladies concerned, was his promised wife. Charles threatened to sell his commission, as it seemed to have been bought with stolen money. Mother was going to move out of the house——

CATHERINE. Yes, and camp on the street—but I spiked everybody's gun by simply declaring that *Mary was married*.

GOLDSMITH. Beautiful.

CATHERINE. They wanted to know to whom; and of course I couldn't stop *then*, could I?

GOLDSMITH. Not if you had any spirit about you at all, you couldn't.

CATHERINE. I just had time to think, that the only occasion when any such thing could have happened, was when we were all together, in Paris. So that put it onto *you*.

GOLDSMITH. (*Disappointed*) Oh, I see—simply as a matter of *probability*?

CATHERINE. That's it.

GOLDSMITH. And not consulting any preference that *Mary* could have had *herself*.

CATHERINE. Not at all. Besides it had to be some good natured fellow like you to consent to it.

GOLDSMITH. (*Depressed. Pause*) I See—(*Pause*) And how long does the joke last?

MARY. (*Measuring the awkwardness of the situation*) No longer. I am already humiliated beyond enduring. (*Goes toward door*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Detaining her. Seriously*) Miss Mary, d'ye remember what you said at rehearsal; and *I* was humiliated past endurance by the couplin' o' my ourang outang figure with the bare *initials* o' your sainted name. You took the paper and you said: "It's an honor I have not deserved." (*CATHERINE goes to balcony*) Why, those words have rung and echoed from my heart through the corners o' this garret and out o' that dusty chimney to the

stars. That—that was the tragedy of spleen and printers' ink. This—this is only the joke of the colleen, "Little Comedy;" and yet it is an honor that could give *lustre to a crown*.

(*Enter BURKE. He carries a bottle and two swords.*
BURKE *stands still and looks from one to the other until all three are embarrassed.*)

MARY. (*After the pause*) What is that?

BURKE. A bottle—I had it filled for Mr. Goldsmith. (GOLDSMITH *crosses to BURKE*) Where are your friends?

GOLDSMITH. What friends?

BURKE. Your man Flanagan and the other one?

GOLDSMITH. Just outside.

(BURKE *shakes his head—both men look at the girls in questioning mood and wonder.*)

MARY. (*Pause*) Yes, I paid it.

GOLDSMITH. Give me that—(*Takes bottle and pours drink*)

MARY. I'm afraid yours is a bad influence, Burke.

BURKE. Have I any at all?

GOLDSMITH. And God knows I want it, Edmund. (*Pause and turns to the girls*) You see, Ladies, one must never deceive one's doctor nor one's lawyer—Edmund—(*Again to BURKE*) for prudential reasons it's been decided to say that Miss Mary Horneck and meself were married—in France. The use of my name was purely accidental—as Miss Mary was not consulted; and for me own part—as you well know—I'm an old fellow wrapped up in his manuscripts and with room in his heart—for no one.

(*Knock. Pause. Enter GARRICK as himself.*)

GARRICK. Ladies—(*Low bow*)

MARY and CATHERINE. Mr. Garrick. (*Curt-sies*)

GARRICK. I got your note, Goldy—and in the absence of a contract I hope you don't object to witnesses—(*Draws pocketbook*)

GOLDSMITH. Not at all, sir.

GARRICK. A play by June. Sixty pounds in advance. (*Hands GOLDSMITH the banknotes*)

GOLDSMITH. (*Apart to BURKE*) Ned, am I draymin'?

BURKE. (*With the TWITCH deception in mind*) No, Noll, but you're not very wide awake. (*They go to MARY*)

CATHERINE. Oh, Mr. Garrick you've just got me into the most awful lot of trouble.

GARRICK. That's my specialty.

CATHERINE. I wish I'd never *read* that play of yours.

GARRICK. Which one?

CATHERINE. The Clandestine Marriage.

GARRICK. (*Laughing*) I wish I'd never *written* it.

CATHERINE. I followed some of the hints in it and with dreadful consequences.

GARRICK. (*Imitating BOSWELL*) You haven't married Boswell, have you?

CATHERINE. Hardly.

GARRICK. Well, nothing is dreadful if you've escaped that. (*Laughs*)

(*Enter JOHNSON and BOSWELL.*)

JOHNSON. Dr. Goldsmith! Dr. Goldsmith!

GOLDSMITH. Sir, to you, Dr. Johnson.

JOHNSON. Ladies—(*All bow*) Griffith has

changed his mind about the review of those books—*(Pause)* Where are they?

GOLDSMITH. Those books? Well, sir—*(Looks from JOHNSON to BURKE)* Where are they, Ned?

BURKE. Where are what?

GOLDSMITH. The books.

BURKE. Well, blame my thick wits—but I left 'em——

JOHNSON. Left them? Left them where—*(To GOLDSMITH)* what was he doing with them?

GOLDSMITH. You said they were worth sixteen guineas, didn't you?

JOHNSON. I did.

GOLDSMITH. Well I—I—*(Looks helplessly about his garret)* 'tis a rat-trap as you said and fine books aren't safe in a place like this.

JOHNSON. So it seems—*(To BURKE)* Where are they?

BURKE. I left them in care of Tom Davies!

JOHNSON. And I was there when you did it. Where are those five guineas Davies gave you for them?

BURKE. Here, sir—all but two bob I gave for the wine.

JOHNSON. *(Producing books)* And here are the books. *(General laugh)* Now, sir, you'll review them.

GOLDSMITH. I'll see Griffith hanged first—I've sixty pounds and ye'll all take breakfast with me at Dilly's. We'll have some trussed grouse—all but Doctor Johnson and he gets a neck of mutton.

JOHNSON. Before we go, sir, let us come to the real object of our call. What is this gossip in the air of a clandestine marriage?

GARRICK. *(Trying to help)* That's about Catherine and me.

JOHNSON. Not all, sir.

GARRICK. *(Complaining to CATHERINE)* Well won't anybody talk about us?

JOHNSON. (*To GOLDSMITH*) You are *reported* to have married Miss Mary; in France.

GOLDSMITH. Well, my friends—my clandestine marriage with Miss Mary is a matter I hope you'll regard as a secret until one year—from now.

BOSWELL. Is the *breakfast* postponed till then?

GOLDSMITH. Not at all. We'll go to *breakfast* at once—Oh—but you'll have to do without *me*. I've an engagement elsewhere.

GARRICK. A bridal trip by yourself?

GOLDSMITH. To mate a man, sir.

(*Enter CAPTAIN and KENRICK.*)

CAPTAIN. She is here.

GOLDSMITH. Here's me man now.

BURKE. Won't you all move on; Noll! Doctor Johnson, please conduct the party to Dilly's.

JOHNSON. (*Offering MARY his arm*) Mrs. Goldsmith, may I have the honor?

MARY. (*Laughing*) Thanks, Doctor, I'll go with Mr. Goldsmith.

(*JOHNSON laughs, crosses to L. and exit.*)

GARRICK. (*Conducts CATHERINE*) Mr. Boswell, will you escort Mistress Garrick? (*Laughs as CATHERINE affects resentment*)

BOSWELL. Mistress Garrick!

GARRICK. (*Scoring on BOSWELL's hesitation*) I won't trouble you. You might lose Doctor Johnson. (*Exit laughing with CATHERINE. BOSWELL angrily exit*)

BURKE. (*To CAPTAIN*) You'll join us at a breakfast to your sister's husband?

CAPTAIN. (*Laughingly*) Certainly. (*Exit*)

BURKE. (*Alone with KENRICK, GOLDSMITH and MARY. To KENRICK*) Catherine gave us these

proof sheets. (*Pause*) If you print them—I'll kill you.

(*Enter LITTLE MARY with a stone pot.*)

LITTLE MARY. Please, sir, Doctor Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH. Why, little one, what have you there?

(*KENRICK exit after a glare at BURKE.*)

LITTLE MARY. My mother says she hopes you're well and will you please lend her this pot full o' coals?

GOLDSMITH. To be sure.

MARY. (*Noticing the pretty child*) Won't you shake hands with me?

LITTLE MARY. Yes, ma'am.

MARY. What's your name?

LITTLE MARY. Mary.

MARY. Well, my name is *Mary*, too.

LITTLE MARY. Does he love *you*?

MARY. Who?

LITTLE MARY. Doctor Goldsmith?

MARY. (*Embarrassed*) Why—I think he's a very good friend of mine.

LITTLE MARY. 'Cause he *said* he loved a girl named Mary.

GOLDSMITH. (*Dropping coals*) My! I hope I haven't cracked it. (*Gives pot to LITTLE MARY*) There, run on, my dear.

(*Exit LITTLE MARY. MARY goes to window left.*)

BURKE. What had you told that child of another Mary?

GOLDSMITH. Some poor verses I was tinkerin' with——

BURKE. You wrote verses to—to this *other* Mary?

GOLDSMITH. 'Tis a way verses have. Sure you must write them to *some* one.

BURKE. Did you send them?

GOLDSMITH. I haven't.

BURKE. Why not?

GOLDSMITH. Well, one writes to the stars sometimes and then——

MARY. (*Who has overheard, comes to the men*) Is she so far away? (*Pause*)

BURKE. (*Pause*) Faith he won't answer, but I may. If she were as near to me she'd regret it for the rest of her natural life. Ah, Mary Horneck, you're the kind o' home rule I'd like to see for the whole of Ireland. I don't know what it is that makes Irishmen love you so; but I think it's yer blue eyes, yer dimples and the way you show yer teeth. Why, that man loves you, girl, as the words in the poems love each other; and he'd a told you years ago but that some doctors made him think he wasn't long for this world.

MARY. (*Anxiously*) He isn't ill?

BURKE. Are ye—Noll—Look at—that—(*Indicating MARY's face*)

GOLDSMITH. I never had a day's sickness in my life.

(*MARY impulsively takes his hand—BURKE delighted turns to the balcony and leaves them together.*)

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